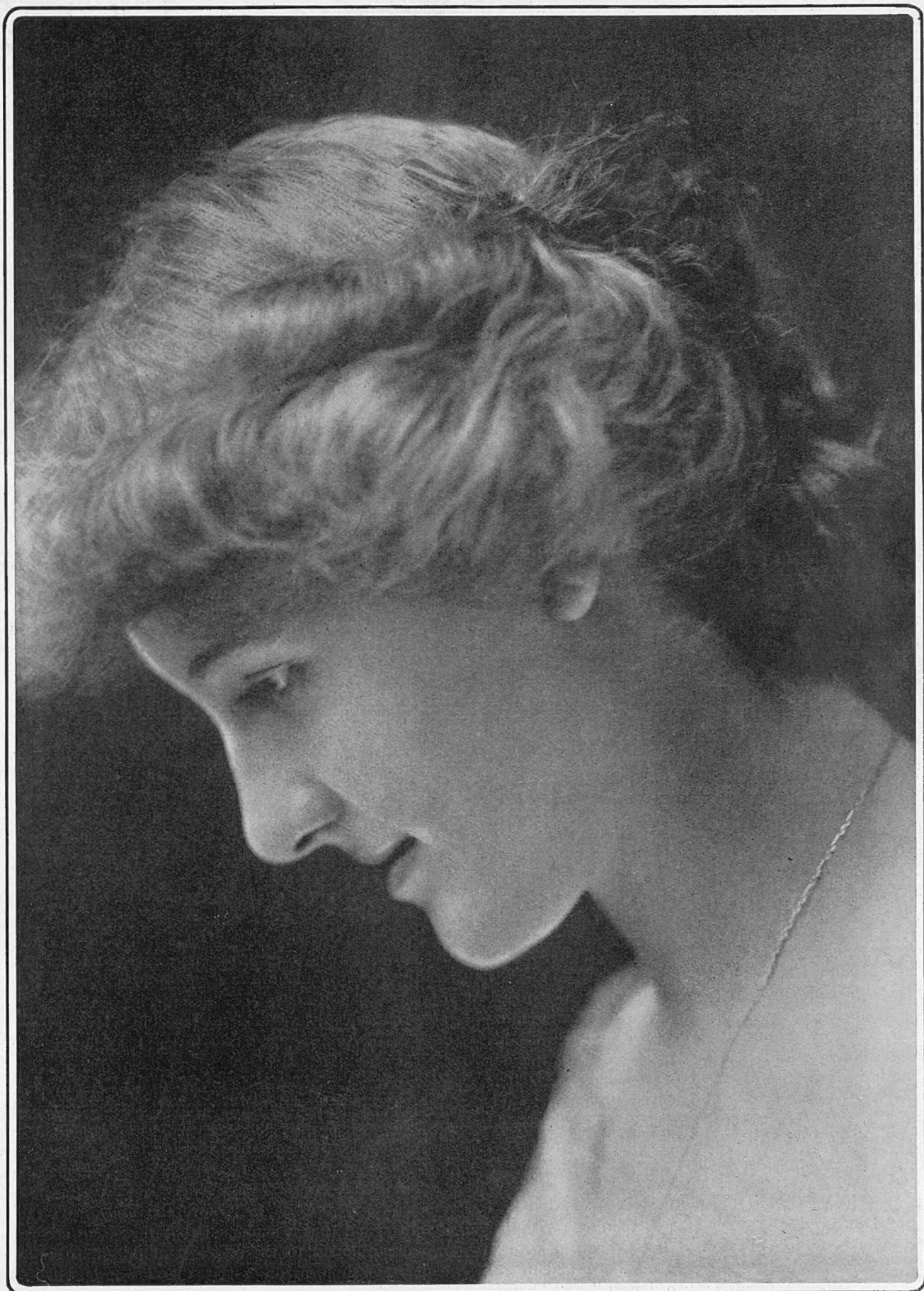




No. 606.—VOL. XLVII.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1904.

SIXPENCE.



MISS NINA SEVENING,

NOW APPEARING IN "THE CINGALEE" AT DALY'S THEATRE.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND ·"



The Sketch Office,
Monday, Sept. 5.

BACK in town, you see, and still smiling. After all, it is good to be at work again. There may have been days—hot, sleepy days—in August when one shuddered, despite the heat, at the thought of London, and pavements, and letters, and proofs, and books, and first-nights. The hot days have passed, though, to be succeeded by the refreshing rains and cool breezes of September. London is welcome enough in September, and London would not be London without the pavements, and the letters, and the proofs, and the books, and the first-nights. Everybody else, moreover, has returned, and the pleasant meetings after the few weeks of holiday atone for a good deal. Really, it is not unlike returning to school. One dreaded Black Monday; the parting from one's parents was a terrible ordeal; the last glimpse of home was often obscured by those few scalding tears of which the schoolboy is so terribly ashamed. As the train sped on, however, one began to look forward instead of backward, and the end of the day generally found one in a state of gleeful excitement. Of course, one had to meet a certain number of fellows that one cordially disliked, and it is in that respect, I always think, that the man has the advantage over the boy. In London, heaven be praised, one can always avoid the fellows one cordially dislikes. Would that it could have been so at school!

I find the theatrical world very lively. It is rather odd, when you come to think of it, that theatrical managers should conduct their business with such complete unanimity. It would almost seem as though they had made arrangements with the public to abstain from playgoing during the month of August and to begin again, as eagerly as ever, directly September came round. The sudden rush of new pieces must, one would imagine, make it harder for the less robust play to withstand the ordeal of criticism. At a slacker time of the year, the critics, those fearsome fellows, might have been inclined to deal more mercifully with "The Chetwynd Affair," at the Royalty, and I am sure they would have extended a warmer welcome to "Winnie Brooke, Widow," if it had been put before them, with a musical setting, about the middle of December. Even a critic, I am told, feels less critical at Christmas-time. In the meantime, Mr. W. W. Jacobs has scored a triumph with "Beauty and the Barge" at the New Theatre, and Mr. Arthur Morrison, at the same house, has made a successful début with "That Brute Simmons," a short play founded on one of his famous "Tales of Mean Streets." Both Mr. Jacobs and Mr. Morrison had expert collaborators, but the double success, for all that, will encourage their brother-novelists to peep with greater boldness through the golden doors of stageland.

Is Mr. Crosland a humourist? He, of his modesty, would probably deny it, and yet I fancy that, in some review or other, I have found him accredited with the quality. Now the printed word, we have been taught to believe, cannot lie, and my condition is the more bewildered, therefore, after reading Mr. Crosland's preface to his new work, "The Lord of Creation." True, there is abundant humour in the preface, but it is humour of that ultra-delicious kind which is usually described as unconscious. Mr. Crosland, to come to the point, has actually allowed himself to lose his temper. Could anything, I put it to you, be more deplorable? By the same token, could anything be more comical? It is farcical enough, heaven knows, to lose one's temper in private; it is downright ludicrous to lose it in print. And the cause of this outburst? Well, it seems that, even while "The Lord of Creation" was running serially in the *Gentlewoman*, somebody brought out a book "named with a name which differs from the proper name of our book and of our articles in the *Gentlewoman* by precisely two letters." "There's no joke in that!" cries the reader, and I agree. The joke comes when you turn to the fly-leaf facing the title-page of "The Lord of Creation" and read through the titles of previous works that

have come from Mr. Crosland's pen. The second title on the list is "The Five Notions," which differs from the proper name of Mr. Kipling's book by precisely one letter. And another of Mr. Crosland's previous works, you will find, was entitled "An Englishman's Love Letters." I may be unwholesomely imaginative, but I can just conceive the possibility of somebody or other becoming confused between "An Englishman's Love Letters" and "An Englishwoman's Love Letters."

With regard to the merits or demerits of "The Lord of Creation" I am not qualified to speak. I did not read the articles as they appeared in the *Gentlewoman*, nor have I read them since their appearance in book form. Further, if it will be any consolation to Mr. Crosland, I may state that I did not read the book with the similar title, whatever it was. . . . Mr. Crosland, I have discovered, is more acceptable in small doses. And that reminds me, by the way, that there has not arrived at *The Sketch* office, for some weeks, a copy of that brilliant little publication called the *Tiger*. Once on a time, I used to receive a complimentary copy each week. Is it possible, I wonder, that the free list has been entirely suspended? Prosperity, alas! often hardens the heart.

An author, of course, is always under an obligation to those people who are good enough to read his books, and I am sure he would be the first to acknowledge the obligation. At the same time, the modern reader is apt to exert her prerogatives somewhat arbitrarily. Here, for instance, is an extract from a letter recently received by a young author who has had the good fortune to write a couple of fairly successful books. Says his patron: "I hope you will pardon the great liberty I am taking in writing to you, but I am collecting autographed photographs of my favourite writers, and if you could spare me one of yourself you would indeed be giving me keen pleasure." She then goes on to mention the names of several celebrated authors who have complied with a similar request, and concludes: "Authors are my best friends, and my heart warms with gratitude towards them." The recipient of this flattering letter is still in doubt as to what course of action he should pursue. Supposing that the lady bought his new book, she would have benefited him to the extent of a shilling or so. A cabinet photo, he has discovered, costs about half-a-crown, so that, on the deal, he would be eighteen-pence out of pocket. His correspondent, moreover, does not state definitely that she bought the book. "Came across," is her expression. On the whole, then, I have advised him to forward a polite refusal. Have I done right, level-headed reader?

Here is a true and pathetic story of a 'bus-horse. It was told to me a day or two ago by a medical friend of mine who has an extensive and peculiar practice in the south of London. One Sunday morning, during the hottest days of last month, he was asked to come round to an omnibus-yard as quickly as possible. It seemed that one of the horses, driven to desperation by the heat, had insisted on climbing into the 'bus instead of taking up its proper position alongside the pole. The stablemen had endeavoured to get the animal out of the 'bus, but the poor horse, during the course of the struggle, had plunged its head through one of the windows and cut its neck. The doctor, unfortunately, arrived too late to be of service, with the consequence that the horse bled to death. And here comes the ironic sequel of the grim little tragedy. Even when the horse was dead the men were unable to remove the body from the inside of the omnibus, and thus it happened that they were compelled to harness two other horses to the vehicle and drag the corpse to the nearest carpenter's shop, in order that the 'bus might be taken to pieces. Truly, it is better to die gloriously than to live out a life of hateful and ignoble bondage. It would be interesting to know the thoughts of the other 'bus-horses on seeing their former comrade riding, like any gentleman, through the streets of London.

"THE GARDEN OF LIES," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.



THE CLUBMAN.

Kuropatkin and his Plan—Port Arthur—Outside Lassa.

TO the victors the praise, but to the vanquished some sympathy. Marshal Oyama, the victor, is a very old man to take the field on a campaign, and he suffers periodically from an illness which would incapacitate a soldier of less ardent spirit and less determination; but he has directed in person a vast battle which has



PRINCESS LOUISE OF COBURG,
WHOSE ESCAPE FROM CAPTIVITY HAS CAUSED A SENSATION
THROUGHOUT EUROPE. (SEE PAGE 302.)
Photograph by Karoly, Budapest

lasted almost continuously for ten days and has given himself no rest day or night, dealing with each successive problem of the combat as it has occurred, the dawn of each day finding his troops with all dispositions made to take every advantage of any success gained the previous day. It is a wonderful feat of generalship. Soldiers, however, the whole world over will feel sorry for General Kuropatkin, for he has been forced to plan his campaign on lines which he thoroughly disapproved of, and has been compelled, not by the Japanese, but by the high authorities at St. Petersburg, to stand and risk his army in a pitched battle when he knew that he should only have fought a rear-guard action. The Grand Dukes and their party in St. Petersburg have held all along that any stick is good enough to beat a Japanese dog with; but General Kuropatkin, who has been in Japan and has seen the army he has to fight, knew better, but was not allowed to give practical effect to his knowledge.

Amongst the many Russian plans for the invasion of India which have found their way into print in the "Service" magazines of Europe was one which was attributed to General Kuropatkin and which allowed three years for the successful completion of the scheme. The first step was to be Herat. There the Russian army was to draw up its tail to itself, and then, pushing ahead its best troops, to fight its way through Afghanistan; then to call another halt, and once more project an arrow-head of the most seasoned troops to fight the battle on the Indus which would turn all India into a Russian province.

Some such plan to meet the Japanese must have been the one which General Kuropatkin put before the Czar and his counsellors and which was rejected in those days when it was doubtful whether the General would, after all, take command of the army; and, when finally his patriotism prevailed over prudence and he went to his post to carry out a strategy of which he disapproved, the army with which he had to fight the Japanese was not the best army that Russia can put into the field. The Asiatic regiments to whose lot most of the fighting has fallen cannot stand punishment to the extent that the men of the West can, and, when all the details of the battle of Liao-yang come to hand, it will be found, I am sure, that the Eastern troops proved to be the flaw in the ring of steel which had been drawn round the city and against which Kuropatkin hoped that Marshal Oyama would break his teeth.

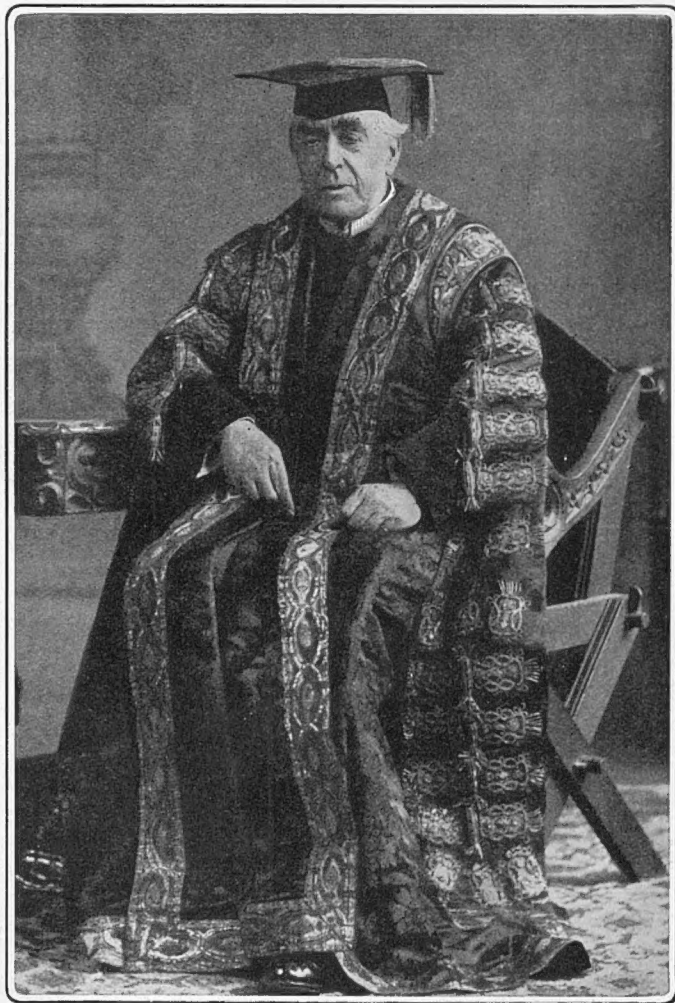
The battle of Liao-yang was not an easy one to follow as particulars came over the telegraph-wires, for it was not like Waterloo, where the advent of the Prussians on the flank caused the French army to crumble away in a "sauve qui peut." The "Man in the Street" took it for granted that Kuroki would be to the other Japanese commanders what Blücher was to Wellington; but the collapse of a portion of the Russian army did not affect the whole, and Kuropatkin had no Grouchy wasting his time away from the main battle, but had a force ready to face Kuroki. The battle which is to decide whether Kuropatkin will make an orderly retreat with his main force or whether the Russians at last must break is probably being fought while I write. General Stackelberg and his First Siberian Army Corps seem to be doomed either to be taken prisoners or to be destroyed, and the bad fortune which has attended this General and his troops throughout the war seems to have reached a culminating point.

So absolutely has the point of interest in the war shifted from Port Arthur to Liao-yang that the retaking of Iteshan Hill by

General Stoessel has passed without notice. So long as the Japanese hold positions from which they can bombard town and harbour, there is no reason why they should hurry to assault the inner line of the fortifications. No doubt, the presence of Marshal Oyama accounted for the desperate fighting round Port Arthur in the past few weeks, but that Russian Fleet which has been cruising in the Baltic, and some vessels of which seem to have been strained by the concussion of their own guns, really sets the time for the final attack on Port Arthur. When it sets sail in earnest for the East, the Japanese will make any sacrifice to capture Port Arthur before it arrives in Chinese waters. The plight in which the Baltic Fleet would find itself if it arrived at Penang or Acheen to find that Port Arthur was in Japanese hands would be pitiable. The ships, foul from their long voyage, trying to round Japan to make Vladivostok, with a typhoon dancing across the Pacific, would have much the same fate that the Spanish Armada had when it coasted Scotland and Ireland.

The distribution of fivepence to every poor Tibetan who chose to come to the plain outside Lassa to receive it was an acute piece of diplomacy on the part of Colonel Younghusband. Not only has it persuaded the country-people that the British are their very good friends, but it has shown ten thousand Tibetans the British camp and the army on the outskirts of the city. Had this not been done, the Lamas would, as soon as our men had retired, have declared the invasion to have been a myth and would have tortured with great ingenuity any peasant who was foolish enough to say that he had seen Indian or English soldiers anywhere near the Sacred City. No doubt, the British diplomatists will not secure all they require before our troops retire, but the Lamas are not likely to do anything in future which will necessitate a return visit.

There was a famous occasion when Lord Randolph Churchill "forgot Goschen," who succeeded him as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Always looking older than his age, excessively short-sighted, and not an inspiring orator, Mr. Goschen, who had long sat in Mr. Gladstone's Cabinets, seemed at one moment quite *passé*—indeed, finished. But the Home Rule controversy revived him, and his ability and ardour materially aided the triumph of the Union. He has done excellent work, too, as First Lord of the Admiralty, but nothing in his life ever gave him so much pleasure as his election to be



LORD GOSCHEN AS CHANCELLOR OF OXFORD UNIVERSITY.
Photograph by Hills and Saunders, Oxford.

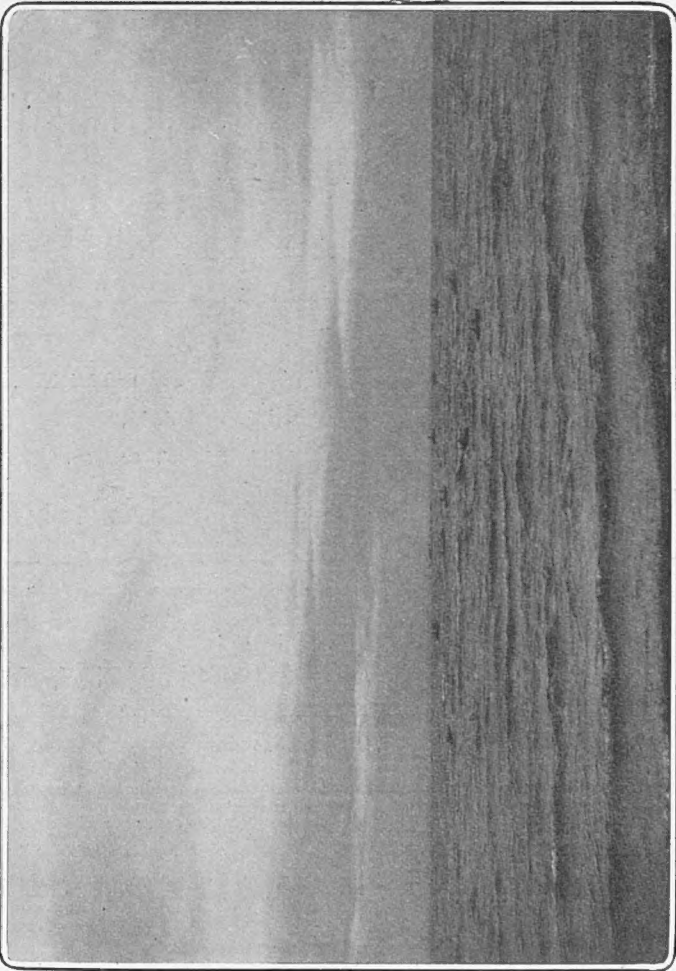
Chancellor of Oxford University, in succession to his old friend the late Lord Salisbury. He was at Oriel in the 'fifties, when that College was more famous than it is now, and he comes of scholarly stock, as he has narrated in a charming study of his forbears, who were Leipzig booksellers.

THE TERRIBLE DISASTER ON LOUGH NEAGH: THE CHIEF SCENES IN CONNECTION WITH THE TRAGEDY.

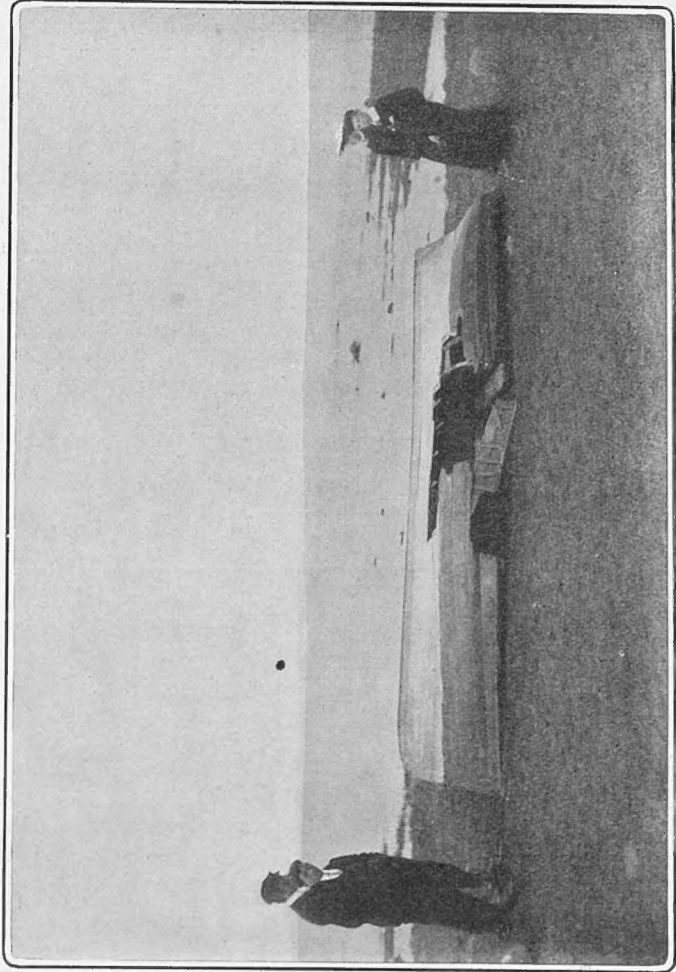
SEPT. 7, 1904

THE SKETCH.

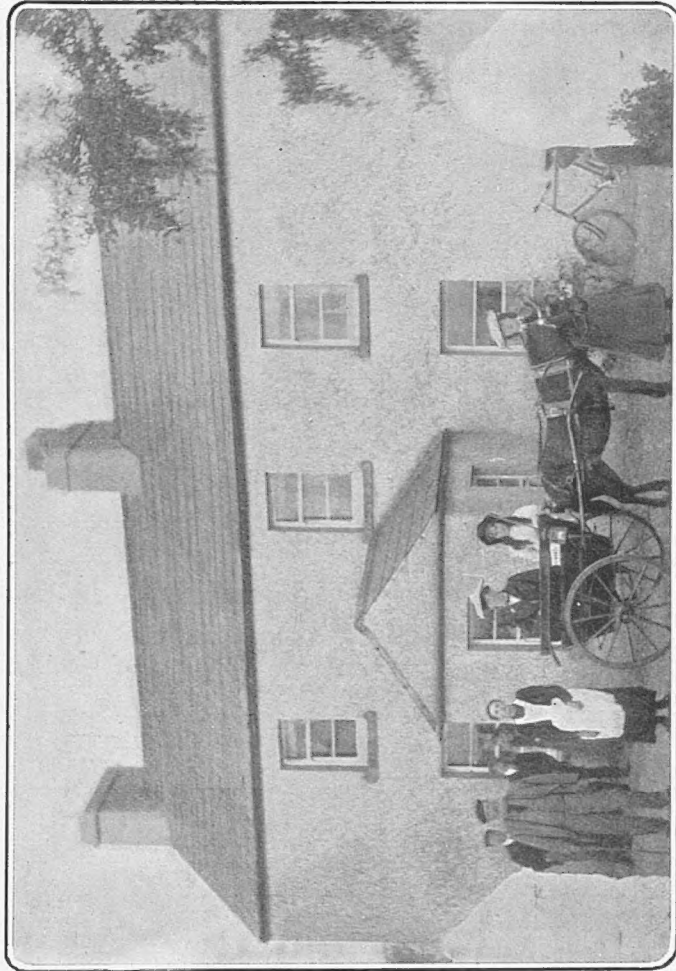
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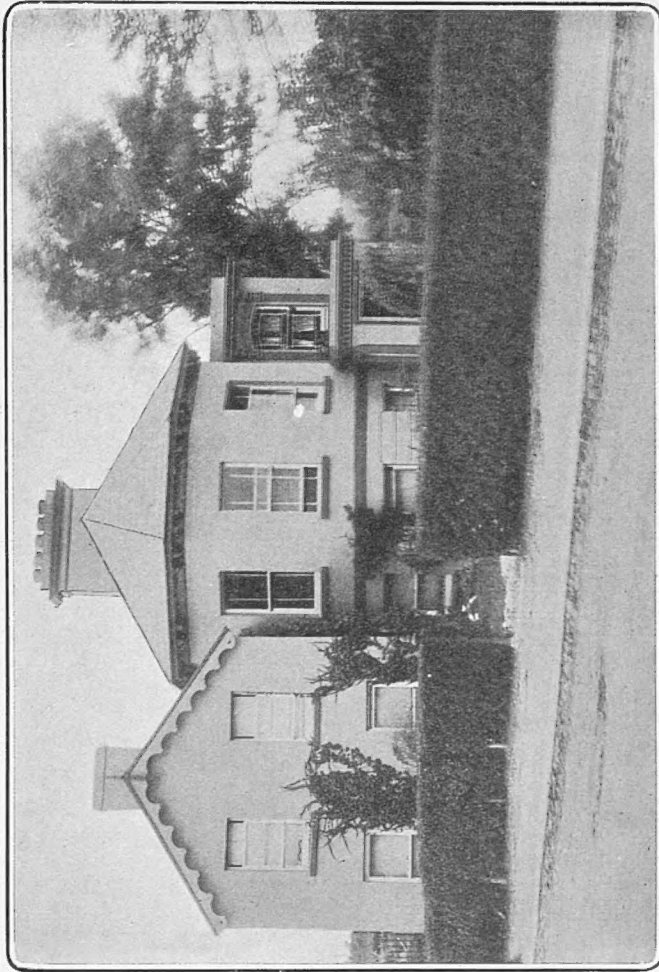
SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT: BOATMEN LOOKING FOR THE BODIES.



THE ILL-FATED "OSPREY," TO WHICH THE VICTIMS CLUNG FOR MANY HOURS.



MR. ABRAHAM'S HOUSE, WHITHER MISS WINIFRED GREEN MADE HER WAY AFTER SWIMMING ASHORE.



THE RESIDENCE OF MR. GREEN. FROM THIS HOUSE THE PARTY STARTED FOR THEIR PICNIC AND HITHER THE BODIES WERE BROUGHT WHEN RECOVERED FROM THE LOUGH.

Photographs by Moffett and Co., Belfast. (See also Page 302.)

GARRICK. — MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER
and MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH. At 8.30 in THE CHEVALEER, by HENRY ARTHUR JONES. MATINEES WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.30.

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS SEPTEMBER 10.

'THE GARDEN OF LIES,' AT THE ST. JAMES'S.
THE COMMANDERS AT LIAO-YANG.

Plan of the Great Operations
at Liao-yang.

THE NEW BISHOPRIC OF SOUTHWARK:
ST. SAVIOUR'S CATHEDRAL

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS SEPTEMBER 10.

OFFICE: 198, STRAND, W.C.

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Sept. 7, 1904.

Signature.....



SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE KING is spending Doncaster Week, as His Majesty has done more than once before, as the guest of Lord and Lady Savile at Rufford Abbey. Rufford has often been honoured by the presence of a British Sovereign. Both James I. and Charles I. were very fond of the noble old house, and Charles II. must have paid his first visit there full of grateful emotion, for Sir William Savile and his brave wife did much for the Royalist

cause in Yorkshire during the Civil Wars. Like most great country-houses, Rufford Abbey has one absolutely distinguishing feature: this is the crypt of the old Abbey, which visitors always make a point of going down to see. The crypt includes the present Servants' Hall, where Lord Savile's retainers and those of his friends are magnificently lodged. The rooms occupied by the King are hung with priceless tapestries, that which is known as the King's Bedroom, where both Charles I. and Charles II. slept, being hung with tapestry showing the history of Queen Esther.

Some Doncaster Hostesses.

Doncaster is very rich in hostesses. In addition to Lady Savile at Rufford Abbey is Lady Fitzwilliam at Wentworth Woodhouse, Lady Galway at Serlby Hall, Lady Halifax at Hickleton Hall, Mrs. Arthur Wilson at Tranby Croft, and Mrs. Charles Wilson at Warter Priory. From the latter beautiful place Mr. and Mrs. Wilson bring a large party each day, generally in a special train. Of course, the smartest day—that when everyone makes a point of being present—is when the St. Leger is run. The late Sovereign was only once present, and that before she came to the throne. In 1835 the Duchess of Kent and her young daughter stayed at Wentworth Woodhouse for the Doncaster Week, and on that occasion the great race was won by a filly whose happily chosen name was "Queen of Trumps."

Speeding the Parting Guests.

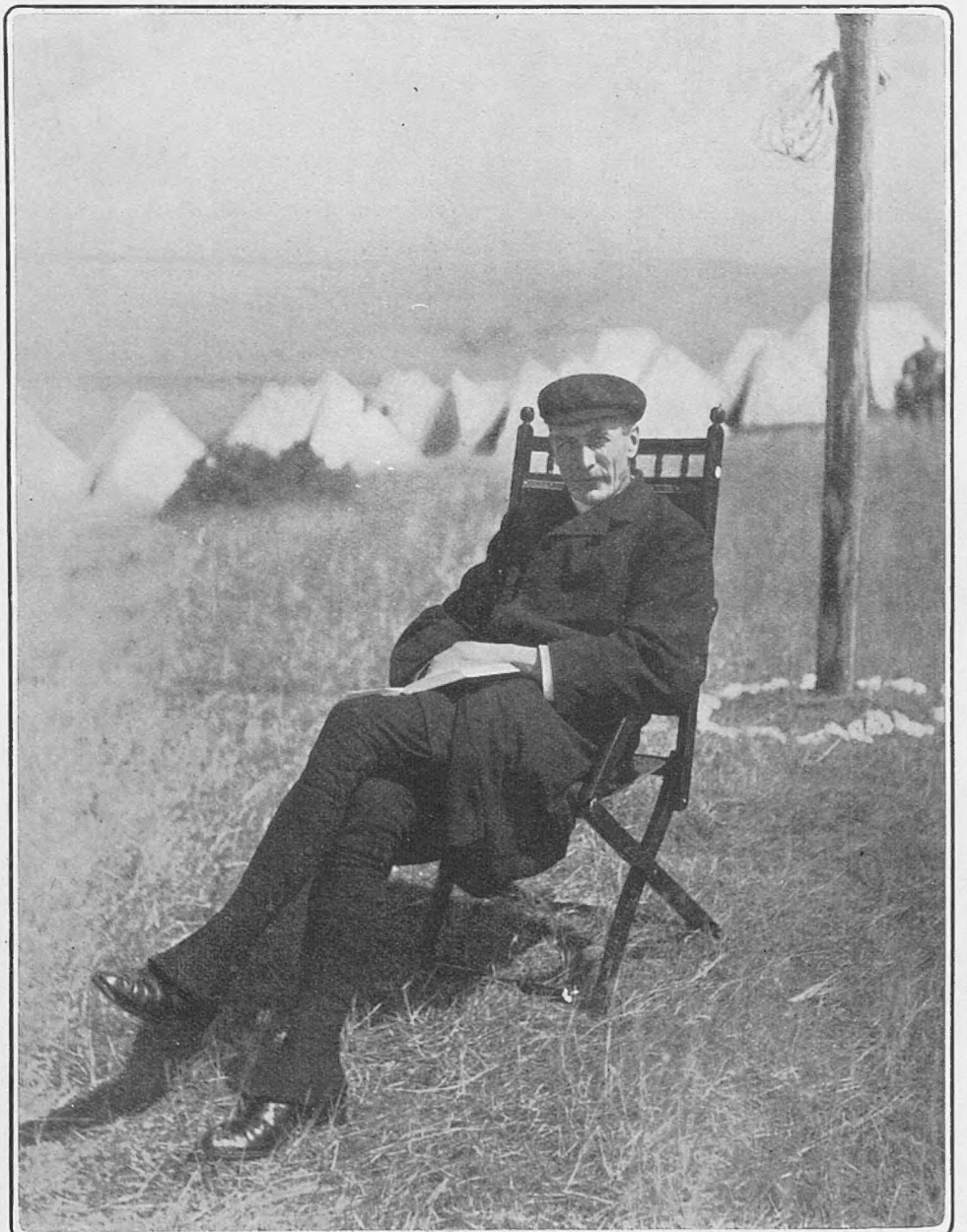
Lord and Lady Curzon of Kedleston will be accompanied by many good wishes when they start at the end of this month for the great Indian Empire for which the present Viceroy has done so much. Had it not been for the death of Lady Curzon's father, Mr. Leiter, she would undoubtedly have revived the hospitable glories of Walmer Castle. As it is, both the Viceroy and herself have spent a very quiet summer. Lord Curzon's period of office as Viceroy of India comes to an end in little more than two years, and it is confidently asserted by his friends that he will then play a prominent part in home politics. Thanks to Lady Curzon's great popularity in Society, India has become, in a social sense, quite the fashion, and many well-known people now spend Christmas there, much as in old days they made a point of going to Cannes or Cairo.

A Bishop in Camp. Since his appointment to the See of London, Dr. Winnington Ingram has more than maintained the reputation he gained as a hard worker when Head of Oxford House, and, later, as Bishop of Stepney, so that it is not surprising to learn that he has of late suffered from insomnia and been compelled to recuperate for a time in Wales and the North. Perhaps the most enjoyable time the Bishop has spent this summer was during his recent visit to the camp of the Church Lads' Brigade at Bexhill-on-Sea, an occasion which he improved by an eloquent appeal

to the public for funds, in which he said: "I am writing surrounded by three hundred happy boys, some bathing, some playing cricket, others acting as sentries and guarding the camp, and all browned and invigorated by a week at the seaside and the healthy activities of camp-life." While in the neighbourhood, the Bishop, who is a Chaplain of the London Rifle Brigade, visited the camp of the 4th Infantry Brigade on the Sussex Downs and preached a vigorous sermon to some two thousand Volunteers drawn mostly from his own diocese. He reminded his hearers that he had come to the camp not only as their Bishop, but also as a man and a comrade, and pleaded the cause of the lads at Bexhill with such effect that a goodly collection was made on their behalf. This photograph of the popular Bishop in his famous cap was taken in the camp of the London Rifle Brigade.

Cretan Stamps.

Prince George of Crete, who is so anxious that his little Principality should be annexed to Greece, has taken a step which will give much pleasure to stamp-collectors. He has commissioned in Paris a whole series of postage-stamps which will form a sort of mythological history of the island in brief. Among the designs decided upon are Artemis with her lions, the Goddess Europa, Jupiter nursed by a dog, Ariadne in the labyrinth, and Mount Ida. By a strange oversight, the three goddesses who disputed the palm of beauty are not to be represented, for the higher values are to bear the head of Prince George himself.



THE BISHOP OF LONDON IN HIS FAMOUS CAP. THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN IN THE CAMP OF THE LONDON RIFLE BRIGADE, OF WHICH HIS LORDSHIP IS CHAPLAIN.

An Imperial Motorist.

The Grand Duke Michael and the Countess Torby have become enthusiastic motorists, and they take many delightful excursions in the neighbourhood of Keele Hall. His Imperial Highness is very fond of this country, but he and his popular wife have been living very retired lives, owing to the war in the Far East, for the Grand Duke is very patriotic, and the fact that he has to live in exile from his native land does not make him feel any the less keenly concerned in his country's misfortunes. The Grand Duke's children, to whom King Edward is godfather, can converse in several European languages, but they are never allowed to forget that they are Russians.

Some Parliamentary Candidates.

It would seem as if the next Parliament will be rich in Peers and future Peers. Lord Dunsany, who will soon be Lord Jersey's son-in-law, has given up soldiering and taken up politics, and, owing to the fact that he is an Irish Peer, he can, of course, take his place in the Lower House. Lord Helmsley has been selected as Conservative candidate for one of the Yorkshire divisions. His pretty young wife is said to have inherited her mother Lady Warwick's keen interest in statecraft. Lord Helmsley has been a great deal in the political world, for he has been unpaid Private Secretary to the First Lord of the Admiralty. Politicians on both sides of the House will give a warm welcome to Lord Dalmeny, for it is well known how bitterly Lord Rosebery has always regretted the fact that he served no apprenticeship in the House of Commons.

Lord Rosebery's Secretary.

Captain J. H. Graham, Lord Rosebery's new private secretary, is a son of Sir Henry Graham, Clerk of the Parliaments. Curiously enough, his connections have not been much with Liberalism hitherto. For the last year or two he has been on Lord Minto's Staff in Canada, and now he has resigned his commission in the Coldstream Guards. Captain Graham is very well connected. He calls the Duchess of Portland and also her sister-in-law, Lady Charles Bentinck, cousins, as well as Miss Cicely Horner, the new beauty, while he is also related to the Magheramorne family, the Barringtons, the Muir-Mackenzies, and the Jekylls. Moreover, Lord Northampton's sister is his step-mother.

September Bridals.

September has always been one of the great marriage-months of the year. In some ways the most notable wedding will be that of Lady Ulrica Duncombe and Colonel Everard Baring. This marriage, which takes place on the 15th, will be celebrated at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, and on that day the bridegroom-Peer, Lord Dunsany, will marry Lady Beatrice Villiers. The City rarely sees a wedding taking place from the

Mansion House, but on the 12th Miss Constance Ritchie, the daughter of the Lord Mayor, will become Mrs. John McCalman at St. Stephen's Church, Walbrook. The Hon. Geoffrey Coleridge, his father's only son, marries at Sandhurst an Irish beauty, Miss Jessie Mackarness. Also of interest to politicians is the wedding of the youngest M.P., Mr. Richard Rigg, to Miss Anderson.



THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL OF RUSSIA'S CHILDREN AND THE DAUGHTER OF BARON A. DE STOECKL.

Ecclesiastical Vacancies.

A conscientious Prime Minister always finds his ecclesiastical patronage a terrible burden, and Mr. Balfour is not to be envied just now. He has to recommend to the Crown new Bishops for Southwell and Worcester—for it is understood that Bishop Gore will be translated to Birmingham when that See is founded, which can now be done, thanks to Canon Freer's munificent legacy—and it is evident that the Bishop of Carlisle cannot live much longer. Not less difficult in its way is the task of finding a successor to the rose-loving Dean Hole, of Rochester.

"George Southwell."

The late Bishop of Southwell was a rich man who spent all his official income, and more also, in his diocese. He was really fond of writing cheques to enable hard-worked parsons to have holidays. A curious, original man, he expressed himself in a style often of Thucydidean obscurity, and the story which declares that he once addressed a congregation in the words, "I feel a feeling which I feel you all feel," is almost certainly a libel. He was the last of the schoolmaster Bishops of whom the late Dr. Temple was an excellent specimen. While Dr. Ridding was Headmaster of Winchester he married Lady Laura Palmer, sister of the present Lord Selborne, who was then a boy in the school.

A Revolution in Geography.

The Belgian Government, without giving the slightest warning to anyone, has taken upon itself to alter the map of Europe. A new advertisement poster has been placed in all the stations in Belgium to advertise the steamboat service. The poster bears the words, "Belgian Royal Mail—Route from England to Europe." This placard has caused great amusement in Belgium, and the Government are being much laughed at for their ignorance of geography. The remedy recommended is to paste some slips printed with the words "the Continent" over that unfortunate "Europe."

"George Eliot."

There is to be a new edition of Mathilde Blind's "George Eliot," with some supplementary chapters and bibliography. In the former will be included information as to her methods of work, her home-life at various periods, her groups of friends, and a critical estimate summarising the latest judgments of her novels, verses, and criticism. The bibliography is said to be the most nearly complete that has yet been published.



THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL OF RUSSIA AND THE COUNTESS TORBY IN THEIR FOURTEEN HORSE-POWER DENNIS CAR.

Photographs by Harry F. Phillips, Leek.

The Baroness Overbeck.

The Baroness Overbeck, who is now making a visit to this country, enjoys the distinction of being the first Russian lady composer whose work has attracted wide attention in her own country and has been performed at the leading theatre of St. Petersburg. She scored a great success at the Imperial Theatre with the music composed by her in connection with the production of "Oedipus," and there will shortly be produced there her musical setting of "Hippolytus." The Emperor and Empress, who are both very musical, are much interested in the Baroness's career, the more so that she is descended through her mother from the composer Loeff, who wrote the Russian National Hymn. In this country this brilliant young lady is principally known as a composer of songs, though several of her orchestral compositions have been performed. Her work is distinctly Slavonic in feeling and has been hailed by German musical critics as possessing a distinctively new "note."



BARONESS OVERBECK, A RUSSIAN COMPOSER NOW ON A VISIT TO ENGLAND.

Photograph by Reresford.

Lord Dunboyne.

Lord Dunboyne is one of the most noted of Irish Peers, and both his family and his title are of immense antiquity, he being what is called the twenty-fifth "Baron by Summons" and the sixteenth "Baron by Patent." He is fortunate in his homes, for he has a charming place, Ouseley Lodge, near Windsor, and a wonderful old Irish castle, of which the name, Knopogue, signifies in Irish "Kiss on the Hill." Lord Dunboyne is the King's Remembrancer, and three years ago he became a Representative Peer. Of his eight children, four are sons and four are daughters, and he paid Lady Dunboyne the pretty compliment of giving each of his boys their mother's surname of Probyn. The eldest son is in the Navy and took a distinguished part in the Witu Expedition, and the second is a Lieutenant in the Irish Guards and did well in South Africa.



LORD DUNBOYNE, AN IRISH REPRESENTATIVE PEER AND THE KING'S REMEMBRANCER.

Photograph by E. Brooks.

The Castle of Racconigi, where the Queen of Italy now is, is the favourite country residence of the Princes of the House of Savoy. It was to Racconigi that Charles Albert retired after Novara and where he died. There, too, Victor Emmanuel passed his boyhood, and

there he learned to ride. King Humbert used to go there to repose himself, and it is the present King's favourite summer-home. The castle, which is in the middle of a broad and well-wooded park, is more like an English nobleman's seat than an Italian castle. It has some very beautiful gardens and splendid lawns, and the trees in the park are exceptionally fine. No one is allowed to enter except the postman, for all would-be intruders are turned away by the gardeners.

Shrapnel-Swordsmen.

The continual success of the Japanese troops now in the field is explained by a Colombo newspaper circulated among the Cingalese—of Ceylon, not Daly's. "The Sultan," we are told, "was communicated with regarding the approaching conflict, and, being a great friend of the Japanese Monarch, he sent a specially trained company of swordsmen, each of whom, with a sword in his hand, is shot away from the mouth of a gun at the enemy, as ordinary shrapnel. On arrival among the enemy he makes short work of them by his sword-play! These swordsmen are now fighting for Japan, and gaining victories." The *Times of Ceylon* is responsible for the translation, and vouches for its



MISS CHANG, DAUGHTER OF THE CHINESE MINISTER IN LONDON.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

correctness. What a chance for the Hippodrome! Human-arrows and living cannon-balls are as nothing to these shrapnel-swordsmen.

A Chinese Baby Belle.

Little Miss Chang is the most popular member of the Chinese Legation, and her charming little ways and quaint, exotic appearance always attract great attention at those of the smart children's parties at which she is present. The lot of Chinese and Japanese children is a very happy one; their parents show them endless love and devotion, and, as is natural in a country where ancestor-worship is carried to such lengths, young people repay the care lavished on them by their elders with great deference and affection. Miss Chang has been most carefully educated, and, should the Chinese Minister be still in London some ten years hence, this little lady will be a most attractive debutante.

The Peril of Yellow Boots.

Times have changed since the days when it was absolutely unsafe in Paris to speak of Russians except in terms of the highest respect. They are telling a story on the boulevards about a huge Russian who went into a shop and asked for a pair of black boots. The Russian was such a big man that there was hardly a pair in the shop large enough for him, so at last the shopman said, "Would you like a pair of yellow boots, sir?" Thinking that he was being insulted by a reference to the "yellow" Japanese, the Russian bolted out of the shop, much to the consternation of the shopman, who could not imagine in what way he had offended his customer.

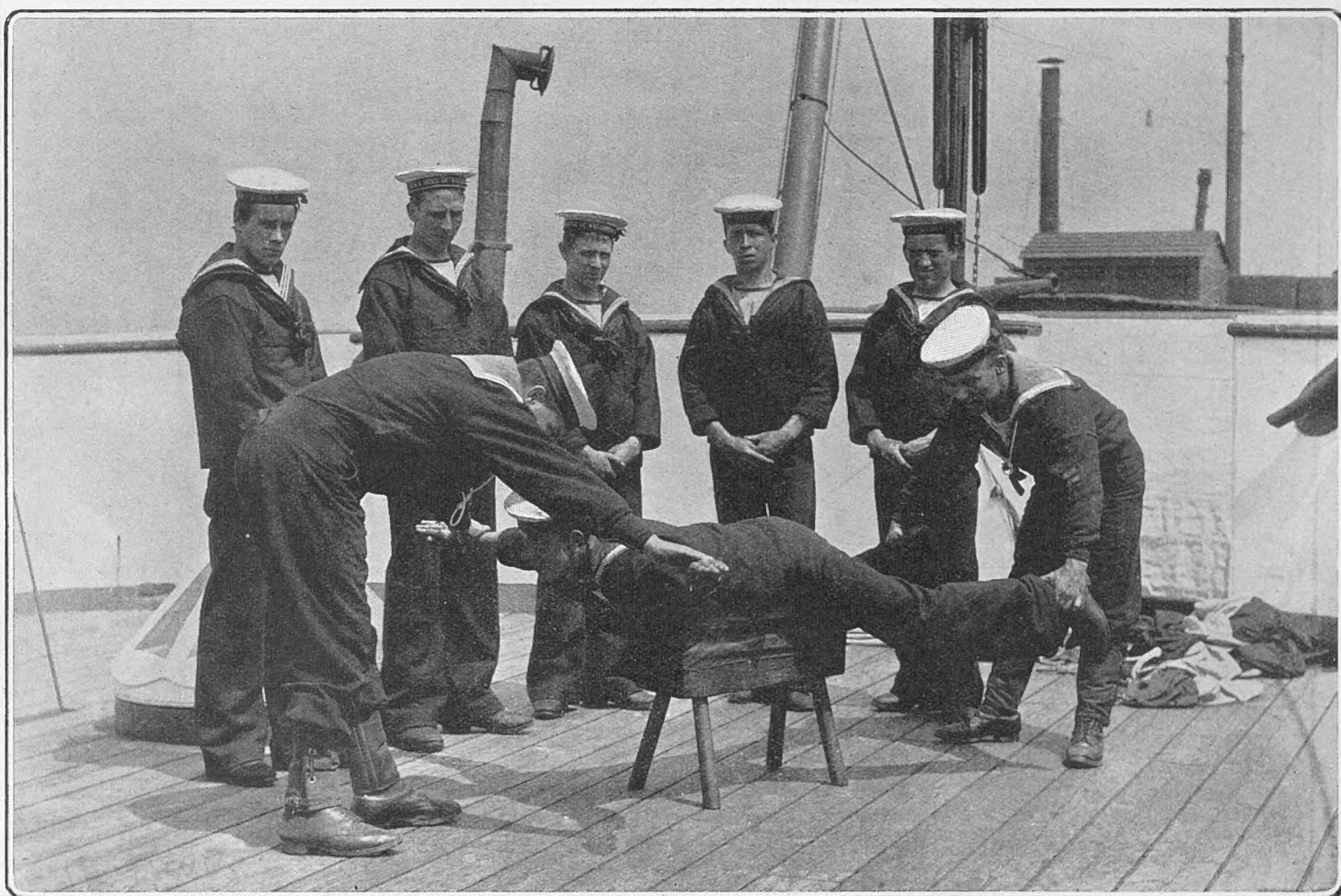
"Dry Swimming" in the Navy. We are so accustomed to associate our jolly "Jack Tars" with ocean breezes and salt-water that there seems more than an element of the comic in the idea of a sailor-man sprawling across a stool and making apparently ridiculous attempts to keep himself afloat. But now that our ships' companies contain so large a proportion of artificers and stokers, it has become absolutely necessary to insist on each recruit becoming a more or less expert swimmer. The first step in this process is "dry" instruction, the novice being taught the proper method of using his arms and legs before he is sent to the baths. Here, however, he must enter the water willy-nilly, for, if he is reluctant, a rope is passed round his waist and he is forced to take a "header." Bathing parade must be attended every morning, and before the learner is dismissed this function he is compelled to show his proficiency by jumping, fully clothed, into the water and swimming a prescribed distance.

Wanted, Red-haired Girls.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's story of "The Red-headed League," one of the earliest and best of the Sherlock Holmes series, is brought to mind in striking manner by an item of news from America. It would appear that an enterprising theatrical manager recently advertised for a

"L'Entente Cordiale," at the Alhambra.

Are we to see the *revue* in London? It was impossible to avoid the thought at the first performance of the Alhambra's new ballet, because there was an attempt to deal with current problems that may pave the way to the form of entertainment that the Continent delights to honour. Frankly, I do not think that the "prologue" to "L'Entente Cordiale" is very convincing, or that its authors have learnt the 'prentice-work of the craft of the *revue*-writer, but the first steps seemed to be there. On the safer grounds so long associated with Alhambra ballets the new production is a distinct success. The drill-dances are fresh and clever, the costumes singularly bright, and Mr. Landon Ronald's score is a long way in front of the one that accompanied the ballet "Britannia's Realm." His handling of dance rhythms is far easier, though it still leaves something to seek in the way of variety, his melodies are more fluent, he seems to realise the essential differences between comic opera, in which dialogue and songs are possible, and ballet, in which the orchestra must make us forget the absence of the human voice. If there was any doubt about the propriety of dealing after the convention of ballet with the terrible events in the Far East, the *vox populi* must have dispelled it; the reception could hardly have left room for doubt that "L'Entente Cordiale" has all the elements that make for success in the present phase of



HOW "JACK TAR" LEARNS TO SWIM: THE BREAST-STROKE.

Photograph by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.

hundred and fifty girls with red hair, with the result that the neighbourhood of his office must have resembled, as Pope's Court resembled, "a coster's orange-barrow." The ladies, however, discovered that they were required for a less romantic reason than that which dragged Jabez Wilson from his pawnbroker's shop. No raid upon a bank's strong-room was the motive behind the "want"; nothing but the desire to "boom" a new play by means of perambulating posters, the endeavour to avoid the dead-head by the activity of the red-head. Some hundred and fifty maidens with fiery locks, baulked of an ambition to figure behind the footlights, are now said to be wondering whether it would be as safe to lynch a white man in New York as it is, apparently, to burn a black man in Georgia.

Perfumed Petrol.

A new sensation is likely to be afforded to users of the road by the introduction of a liquid which, as a contemporary has put it, "when added in small quantities to the tanks of petrol-driven cars, will render the odour of the spirit more acceptable to the olfactory nerves of the fastidious." It may be presumed that any more or less subtle perfume may be chosen to replace the raw, unpretentious scent common to the wake of so many motors, and that the Society-lady driver who prefers notoriety to comfort will now not only wear a dress that harmonises with the colour of her car, but scent the petrol by which it is driven with her favourite perfume. No longer need the motorist quote the King in "Hamlet": "O, my offence is rank, it smells to Heaven."

public taste. Certainly the Alhambra ballets move with the times, and to the full extent that they fail to appeal to followers of another school the times or the followers must be blamed.

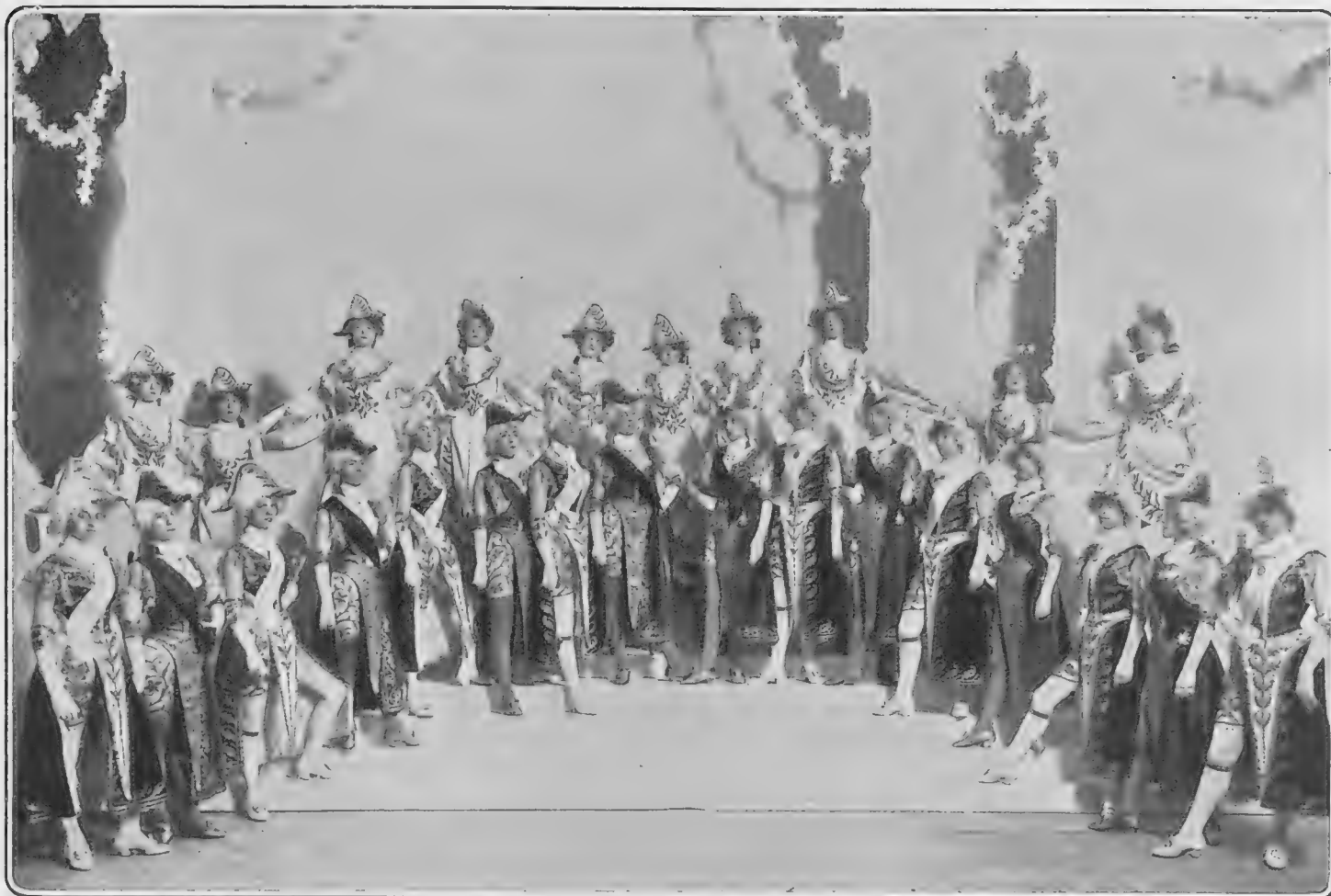
The King's Ties.

The foreign visitors at Marienbad are greatly exercised over King Edward's socks and ties, which happen to be red, and all those whose aim and object it is to be in the height of fashion have sent for socks and ties of the same colour. A French paper relates that a clever thief has taken advantage of this. He sent for a quantity of red socks and ties, and then, calling himself one of the under-valets of His Majesty, he sold a great number of these articles to wealthy would-be fashionable people from Vienna and Bucharest, alleging that they were part of the King's own wardrobe. The artful rascal is said to have obtained considerable sums in this way.

Sir Francis Bertie.

An amusing story is told of our new Ambassador in Paris, Sir Francis Bertie. Queen Victoria held him in great esteem, and he was often invited to Windsor Castle. When Sir Francis telegraphed to the Castle, he naturally signed the telegram "Bertie," but, as this was also the pet-name of the Prince of Wales, it at first gave rise to the idea that it was the Prince who was telegraphing. Queen Victoria therefore said to him after dinner, "Mr. Bertie, when you telegraph here do not sign your name 'Bertie,' because it always makes me think that it is the Prince who is coming."

TWO GROUPS FROM "L'ENTENTE CORDIALE," THE NEW ALHAMBRA BALLET.



THE TEMPLE OF PEACE: A GROUP REPRESENTATIVE OF ALL NATIONS.



THE TEMPLE OF PEACE: JAPANESE MARCH AND DRILL.

Photographs by Hall, London.

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

BEYOND taking short sea-trips and developing evidences of unseaworthiness, the terrible Baltic Squadron of the Russian Fleet does singularly little. When I read in my morning paper of what it proposes to do, and contrast its aims with its accomplishments, I am reminded irresistibly of the famous Tartarin of Tarascon. You remember the story of Daudet's hero, the destroyer of lions? He carried a knuckle-duster in one hand and a sword-stick in the other, a life-preserver found a home in his left pocket and a revolver in the right, while a Malay krees reposed in his sash. But he never stirred upon his search for lions until little boys of Tarascon sang a song in front of his windows, the song of the famous fowling-piece of one M. Gervais. This weapon was always loaded and never went off. The taunt expressed or implied stung the noble Tartarin to action; he went off and bagged one lion—a tame, blind creature attached to a mosque. His other experiences may be overlooked.

To-day the poor remains of sea-power belonging to the Czar of All the Russias bear a remarkable resemblance to the redoubtable Tartarin of the friendly and allied nation. They are fully loaded with the modern equivalents of knuckle-dusters, kreeses, and life-preservers. In place of the yellow sands that were Tartarin's goal, they have the Yellow Sea; the lions to be destroyed are well known, Togo, Kamimura, Uriu being the largest and toughest. But the Baltic Tarasconian, though fully equipped and capable of striking terror among the unarmed and inexperienced, remains like the fowling-piece of M. Gervais—it never goes off. Whether the taunts of foreign critics, who stand in place of the little boys who worried Tartarin, will be of any avail it is not easy to say. If there were nothing more dangerous than the pursuit of unarmed merchantmen, the case would be altered; or if the Russian Admiralty accepted the facts as they are and admitted publicly that the conditions prevalent in the East precluded any possibility of the squadron's despatch, there would be an end to adverse comment. But the Baltic Squadron has gone through all the ceremonies of departure and has not departed. Perhaps its supplies of best Welsh steam-coal have run short, owing to the demands made by the cruisers that prey upon British commerce.

The number of Germany's candid critics increases every month. Not so very long ago, daily, weekly, and monthly papers found no enemy save Russia. Designs upon India and Persia were discovered with a regularity that would have been praiseworthy had it not been monotonous, but nowadays we have changed all that. The creation of a powerful German Fleet and its frequent visits to these shores on missions that are only outwardly pacific are beginning to raise all

manner of suspicions, to which Germany's crooked and opportunist foreign policy lends a large measure of justification. This month there is an amount of plain speaking in the reviews that will give great pain in the Wilhelmstrasse.

It is a pity that ex-President Kruger could not take with him to the bourne from which no traveller returns some of the problems that agitated the Transvaal during his lifetime. I suppose that our administrators never realised so clearly as they do now the difficulties that beset the path of the strong but obstinate old man. Now, says my morning paper, the case of our Indian subjects is agitating the Administration. Man for man, they can cut out white traders, and while, as British subjects, they are entitled to equal rights, the right

for the Indian becomes a wrong for the white man. In theory, of course, a statesman has but to appeal to the Constitution and make a flamboyant speech or two, and then the white man wipes away the tear of repentance with the horny hand of labour and settles down to live on terms of amity with his coloured brother until death do them part. In practice, however, the results are less satisfactory, and neither Lord Milner nor Mr. Lyttelton is quite happy in his task with them.

In days before the English Opera House had risen in Cambridge Circus to suffer a brief season of disastrous days and then become a successful music-hall, Soho was a dangerous district. Its collection of natives, to be studied at best advantage as they stood under the lights in the wee sma' hours, Apollyons all,

would have compared with the outcasts of La Villette in Paris or the Las Delicias slums of Madrid. To-day Shaftesbury Avenue is a fine thoroughfare and its neighbouring streets have been cleansed, but there is still a great deal to do, if my morning paper writes truly. The foreigners who flourish in the last remnants of unsavoury slums must be taught that the knife is taboo and that disputes may not be settled with its assistance. As most troubles rise at the Gambling Clubs of Soho, a strict suppression of these might strike at the roots of the evil. I would like to see a Commission instituted to inquire into the cause of the continued existence of gambling-houses in this district.

The centenary of George Morland's death, which occurs on October 27, will be marked by the publication of two editions of the painter's Life. One of the editions will be an extraordinarily beautiful reissue of the standard Life of Morland, and will contain fifty photogravure plates, with a number of plates in colour, hand-painted, at the price of ten guineas.



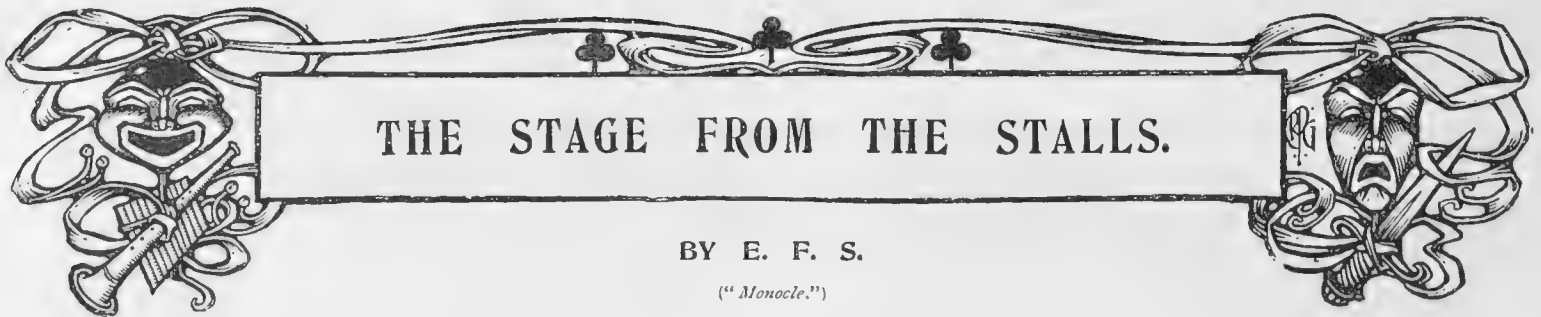
[DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.]

BURGLAR: Are you sure you 'aven't made a mistake, Constable? We don't want another "Beck" case, yer know.

MR. CYRIL MAUDE AS CAPTAIN BARLEY IN "BEAUTY AND THE BARGE."



DRAWN FROM LIFE BY STARR WOOD.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

"THE CHEVALEER"—"BEAUTY AND THE BARGE"—"THE CHETWYND CASE"—"WINNIE BROOKE, WIDOW."

IT is rather surprising to have two specimens of the despised farce given within a week and by first-class managements. There is a notable resemblance between "The Chevaleer" and "Beauty and the Barge," in that each is a farce of character built round an elaborately drawn comic personage and in neither is much reliance placed on intrigue or story. The hero of Mr. Arthur Jones's play and the central figure of the piece by Mr. W. W. Jacobs and Mr. L. N. Parker are both remarkable specimens of clever writing and acting, with the enormous advantage on the side of Mr. Cyril Maude's character of novelty so far as the stage is concerned. The Chevalier brings to the mind of playgoers the thoughts of old friends, but Captain James Barley reminds us only of the stories, the delightfully comic stories, of Mr. Jacobs, a writer so fortunate as to find an almost virgin field. This, whilst not diminishing the critic's joy in the theatre, naturally affects him when considering whether in the author of "Many Cargoes" we have a valuable recruit to the stage; and the question is much complicated by the fact that he has had a collaborator of such skill and experience as Mr. L. N. Parker. Certainly in more than the merely nautical aspects there is strong evidence of the peculiar and agreeable humour of Mr. Jacobs. Throughout the play there are clever little scenes of slightly farcical comedy that owe nothing to Wapping or Rotherhithe or the sprit-sail barge.

The Chevalier's nose is a little out of joint, perhaps. The author, in his endeavours to convert an intractable farcical character into a personage of comedy, has somewhat over-elaborated his picture, which also shows signs of different methods of workmanship. Certainly this prince of showmen is a very entertaining fellow for a while, but in the end he tends to become as tiresome on the stage as he would be in real life. From a technical point of view, the interest is too much concentrated upon him and his efforts to obtain control of the centenary celebrations in honour of Inkerman Kellond, in which efforts, however, he really does little more than drift luckily. So portentous a person should be employed more energetically and with greater variety of emotions. He does and says the same thing time after time. Yet he remains a very diverting and grotesque figure, with a setting sufficiently clever to render the play amusing for a considerable length of time, if hardly for a whole evening. Much is due to the acting of Mr. Bouchier, who plays the part as if he revels in it, and, despite occasional excess, keeps it within the bounds of legitimate farce. It is a genuine comic creation of both author and actor, even if we are acquainted with certain ancestors of it in books and plays. There are scenes rich in fun, and the Chevalier has moments of real comic grandeur. The other parts seem little more than shadows, and some, unfortunately, are very noisy shadows. One would have thought that an author of such great experience and ability would have known the danger of a preliminary scene in which drunken people indulge in loud, bibulous laughter. Laughter on the stage which does not provoke a hearty echo across the footlights is deadly, it even awakens a sort of feeling of resentment. We had some of it in the opening of the second Act in "Beauty and the Barge." The performance of Mr. Bouchier, which is almost a masterpiece, put the rest in the shade, and no other piece of acting seemed noteworthy, though some able work was done by others struggling with difficult tasks, such as Miss Nancy Price, Mr. Sydney Valentine, and Mr. O. B. Clarence, and Miss Ethelwyn Arthur-Jones.

Captain James Barley, though as elaborately drawn and brilliantly acted as the Chevalier, does not dominate his play so disadvantageously. Without his specific humours the piece might have fallen rather flat; but it has many capital scenes when he is off the stage or on it merely as an accessory, particularly those handled very cleverly by Mr. Kenneth Douglas and Miss Jessie Bateman and written freshly by Mr. W. W. Jacobs and Mr. L. N. Parker. The triumph, however,

rested with Mr. Cyril Maude and his entertaining picture of the Skipper. Perhaps his crew was a little disappointing, though Mr. Lennox Pawle made a quaint, droil figure of the Mate. Adaptations rarely show much of the spirit of the original, but in this case an astonishing amount of the humour of the Jacobs stories came across the footlights—perhaps the play is not an adaptation of any particular

story. Captain James, the too "offable" coaster, the circumstances of whose trips kept his philandering within bounds hardly imposed on our deep-sea mariners, is an irresistibly merry old dog, roguish and good-natured, loud-voiced yet rather soft-tongued: indeed, I fancy that some were a little disappointed in the bargee language, but, perhaps, the famous vehement speech of the bargee is only developed in canal-barging. The one weak point there seemed to me in the remarkably clever work of Mr. Maude was a certain timidity of manner shown in telling his dazzling yarns to pretty Miss Ethel: it almost suggested that he was unaccustomed to "yarn," which can hardly have been the case; and whilst there was subtlety in the point he took, it seemed rather thrown away. Mr. John Dibbs, the gardener, was a capital foil to the Captain, and his part was admirably played by Mr. Volpé; and their humours were agreeably completed by Mrs. Calvert as Mrs. Baldwin, the widow whom they courted. There are signs on the part of the gifted comic actress of a tendency to be too impassive. Miss Mary Brough was amusing by her bold acting as the wife of the innkeeper, who was represented by Mr. E. M. Robson in a fashion that caused hearty laughter. The second *ingénue* part was prettily played by Miss Jolivet, who seems a new-comer. The humour of the first piece, "That Brute Simmons," was rather disappointing to me, though it entertained pit and gallery thoroughly. Certainly the idea is funny and leads to a truly comic position, but there is a lack of development which causes a great deal of repetition.

Mr. Cheesman and Mr. Volpé acted cleverly in it: the shrew character was hardly terrible enough for the humours of the work.

So much has been said about the youthfulness of the author of "The Chetwynd Affair" that one might fancy the piece was produced at the Royalty as a study in precocity. Perhaps it was, for it is difficult to see any other excuse for the production. Mr. Kennedy-Cox may become a dramatist—his play does not prove that he will not; still, after patiently listening from beginning to end, I fail to see any evidence in it of natural aptitude for play-writing, but merely signs that the author has wasted a great deal of the precious season of youth in seeing and reading plays. As generally happens in the case of bad pieces written by amateurs, the work contains no good acting parts, and therefore the Company did not distinguish itself. Miss Molly Pearson, however, showed herself to be a very promising *ingénue*.

"Winnie Brooke, Widow," Mr. Malcolm Watson's play, has suffered from chopping and changing, and at present its undeniable merits are affected by the variations of the piece in style. Pretty, sentimental comedy is succeeded suddenly by violent farce, with the result that it is difficult to receive seriously the agreeable comedy scenes between the misogynist who founded a brotherhood of woman-haters and the pretty widow who broke it up and captured the founder. Moreover, that slowness in bringing a piece to a close that was prejudicial in every play I have referred to this week had an adverse influence upon the audience. Consequently, the new comedy, despite the quality of many passages, is not quite certain of the fortune it deserves. Miss Ada Reeve's appearance in comedy hardly shows whether the gain to the legitimate stage will quite counterbalance the loss to musical comedy. However, she showed considerable natural talent and her charm successfully asserted itself. She had able support from Mr. Vibart, Mr. Harwood, Mr. Eric Lewis, and Mr. Rignold, and Miss Drusilla Wills and Miss Dora Barton.



MR. W. W. JACOBS AT WORK ON HIS SUCCESSFUL FARCE, "BEAUTY AND THE BARGE."

Photograph by Ernest H. Mills.

MISS LENA ASHWELL'S NEW RÔLE.



AS "MARGUERITE" IN THE ENGLISH VERSION OF "LA MONTANSIER."

Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.

SOCIETY IN SCOTLAND.

THERE is something amazing in the thought that only fifty years ago Scotland was, to all intents and purposes, regarded by London Society as an *ultima Thule*. Sir Walter Scott had made his country the fashion on the Continent, and many literary people followed in the footsteps of Dr. Johnson, whose "Tour of the

Hebrides" is still the most delightful of guide-books to that part of the world. But the Highlands remained practically inaccessible, save to a few determined sportsmen, and Scotland has to thank Queen Victoria for the tide of fortune which has flowed towards her increasingly ever since the late Sovereign discovered the charms of Deeside.

In the present year of grace Scotland is more than ever the fashion. Historic mansions north of the Tweed let each autumn for fabulous sums, and many noted English and Irish hostesses transfer their household gods to the "Land of Cakes," a case in point being

friends at Hamilton Palace, and much interest has been shown in the neighbourhood concerning their fine little son and heir, the Marquis of Douglas.

Yet another Scottish Duke who intends to spend more of his time in the North than he has hitherto been able to do is the Duke of Roxburghe. His splendid place, Floors Castle, will probably see gathered under its hospitable roof many American visitors, for the new Duchess is devoted to the land of her birth. The Dowager Duchess resides not far from Floors, at Broxmouth Park, of which she is helped to do the honours by Lady Evelyn Innes-Ker, who is now the Duke's only unmarried sister. They are all in deep mourning this year owing to the sad death of Lady Tweedmouth.

Among quite young Scottish hostesses may be specially mentioned Lady Kinnoull, who was Miss Molly Darell. Both Lord and Lady Kinnoull are very musical, the latter being a fine violinist; accordingly, Dupplin Castle is a great musical centre. There they not long ago entertained the blind Landgrave of Hesse, who is said to be the most accomplished of Royal musicians. Dupplin Castle is not far from Perth, and is famed for its wonderfully lovely gardens.

Within hail of Edinburgh are some most interesting Scottish houses where each autumn many great house-parties are gathered together. Of these, perhaps the most notable is Dalmeny, where

Lord Rosebery's two married daughters do the honours; Raith, the hostess of which, Lady Helen Munro-Ferguson, has inherited much of the charm for which her father, the late Lord Dufferin, was famed; and Alloa, where many brilliant private theatricals take place, the young Countess of Mar and Kellie being one of the best amateur actresses in Society, gifts which she shares with her sisters and her brother, Lord Shaftesbury.

Of late years, Strathpeffer has become a serious rival to the popular Continental watering-places. It is within fairly easy distance of all the great northern strongholds, and the great

lady of that part of the world is the youthful Countess of Cromartie, while of late an interesting addition has been made to Highland hostesses in the person of her only sister, Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson. Near Strathpeffer also is Coul House, to which Sir Arthur Mackenzie lately brought home a bride, and during the last three years Lady Mackenzie of Coul has taken her place among the leaders of Scottish Society.

The Scottish bride of the year is, of course, Lady Marjorie Sinclair, the only daughter of Lord and Lady Aberdeen. Captain Sinclair is Liberal Member for Forfarshire, and it is said that he and his young wife will shortly acquire a property not far from Haddo House. Lady Marjorie is devoted to Scotland, and very fond of the national sports, including deer-stalking.

It is a peculiarity of Scotch social life that many of the most popular Highland hostesses are in no sense Scottish by birth or association. This is particularly the case on Deeside, where many bearers of historic Scottish names reap each summer and autumn a rich harvest by letting their ancestral halls to wealthy Southerners.

Thus, there are Mr. and Mrs. Neumann, who have now been for some time tenants of Mr. Farquharson of Invercauld; Lord and Lady Burton, who are shortly to entertain the King at Glen Quoich; while in the North is quite an American colony, Mr. Henry Phipps being Lord Lovat's tenant at Beaufort Castle, Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Martin being at Balmacaan, and of late years several leading American sportsmen make a point of coming over for the autumn to Scotland.



LADY MACKENZIE OF COUL.

Photograph by Esme Collings, Bond Street, W.

the Marchioness of Lansdowne, who has this year acted as hostess of Forest Lodge, one of the Duke of Atholl's places in Perthshire. Forest Lodge is very different from Lord Lansdowne's lovely place, Derreen, in Ireland; it is famed for its red-deer, and on the occasion of the present Sovereign's visit there in the September of 1872 three thousand of these animals were driven before him from Atholl Forest.

With but very few exceptions—headed, however, by the Earl Marshal, his Grace of Norfolk—every wearer of the strawberry-leaves hies him to Scotland at this time of year. The Duke and Duchess of Westminster are at the oddly named Stack Lodge; the Duke and Duchess of Bedford are Lord Lansdowne's tenants at Meikleour House, and they have also made large purchases of land in Kirkcudbrightshire, where the Duke intends to have a great deer-forest. The south of Scotland is curiously deficient in this type of sporting estate, though Lady Mary Hamilton owns a deer-forest on the Island of Arran. Yet another Duke who has been at great pains in the forming of a deer-forest out of a grouse-moor is our King's brother-in-law, the Duke of Argyll, now



THE MARCHIONESS OF LANSDOWNE.

Photograph by Messrs. Thomson, New Bond Street, W.



THE COUNTESS OF MAR AND KELLIE.

Photograph by Fellows Willson, Bedford Gardens, W.

the proud owner of the Forest of Knock, in the Island of Mull. The three great Highland Dukes are the Duke of Sutherland, the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, and the Duke of Hamilton. The latter and his beautiful young Duchess, who was before her marriage Miss Nina Poore, have of late entertained many of their English

SOCIETY IN SCOTLAND: SOME POPULAR HIGHLAND HOSTESSES.



THE COUNTESS OF KINNOULL.

Photograph by Messrs. Thomson, New Bond Street, W.



LADY MARJORIE SINCLAIR.

Photograph by Esmé Collings, Bond Street, W.



THE DUCHESS OF HAMILTON.

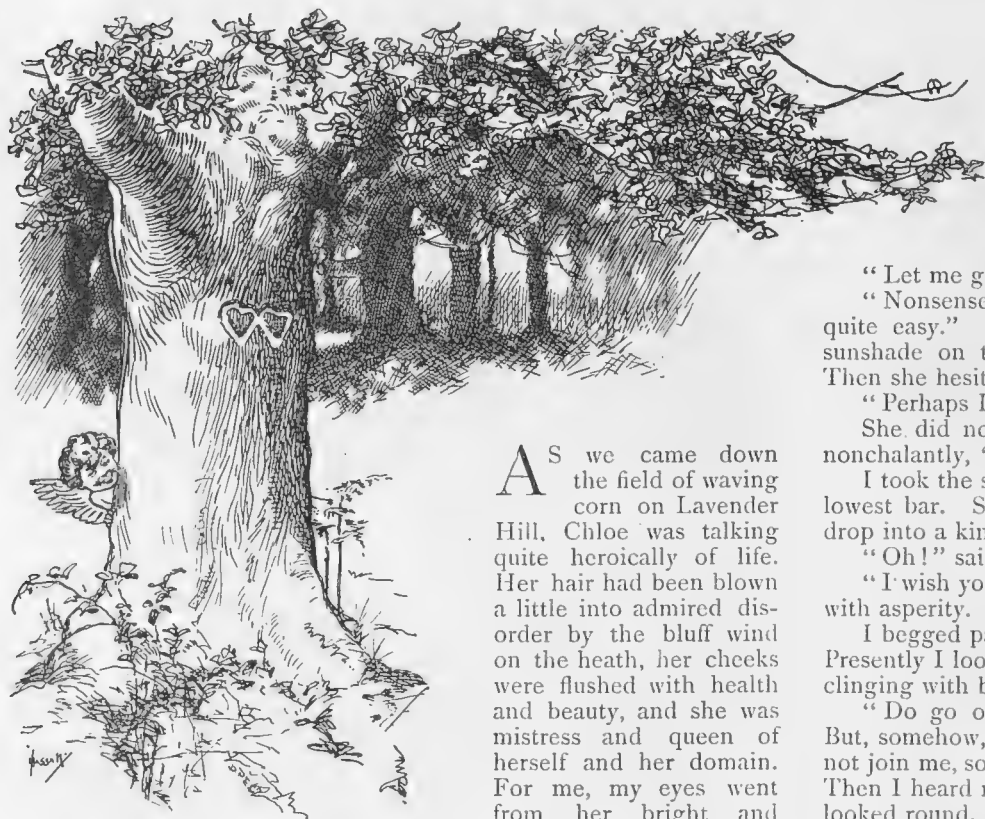
Photograph by Esmé Collings, Bond Street, W.



LADY EVLEYN INNES-KER.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.

CHLOE AND THE STILE. By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.



AS we came down the field of waving corn on Lavender Hill, Chloe was talking quite heroically of life. Her hair had been blown a little into admired disorder by the bluff wind on the heath, her cheeks were flushed with health and beauty, and she was mistress and queen of herself and her domain. For me, my eyes went from her bright and significant face across the grey-green oats in

which we walked breast-high, and back again in serene contentment. What did it matter that she was prepared to give battle to the monster—Man? Let him perish.

The hills were ablaze with light, the fields with charlock; we moved in the sun's eye, but Chloe looked as cool as a primrose in her muslin, despite the heat of her opinions.

"I can't really understand a sensible man like you taking up a position like that," said she.

I had taken no position, except the one by her side, but I defended myself weakly.

"Well, you see, we inherit these prepossessions and prejudices from our savage ancestors, I suppose."

"That's just it," said Chloe, eagerly. "You admit it, then? Savage! Of course, they were savages. You've given away your case."

I never really had any case; but I didn't say so. "I suppose I have," I said, ruefully.

"You know it," said Miss Bohun, firmly. "It is quite absurd to pretend that women are one whit inferior to man, except, of course," she added, quickly, "in regard to physical strength."

"And even then there were the Amazons," I suggested.

She cast a glance at me. "Yes, there were the Amazons," she said, "which shows—"

"And the women do all the hard work among the aboriginals," I went on.

She gave me another glance. "And that again shows—," she began, with less confidence.

"Do you know," I said, stopping in mid-field to observe her critically, "I believe that if you only practised a little you would be more than a match for a man."

She looked away across the corn. "Do—do you think so?" she said, hesitatingly; and added, after a pause, "I—I don't think I'm so—I'm not what you'd call muscular."

"Well, perhaps not," I assented, examining her appraisingly; "but sinewy, say."

"How absurd!" said Chloe, quite snappishly, as she walked on. I followed. The deep, spreading shadows of the bushes at the end of the field enveloped us.

"Another stile," said I, cheerfully.

"Dear me, that's the fourth!" said Chloe, resignedly. "I do wish they'd make gates between the fields."

"A stile's more picturesque," said I.

"Very possibly," said Miss Bohun, indifferently. "It's certainly not as convenient."

"Ah," said I, smiling, "there's one thing, at any rate, in which men are superior. They can negotiate a stile."

"Indeed!" said Chloe, loftily. "I should have thought the feat was not impossible for a woman." I pursed up my lips. "Any woman can get over stiles," she said, warmly, seeing my scepticism.

"Oh, I've no doubt," I said, politely.

"It's nonsense your saying that when I can see you don't believe it," said Miss Bohun. "You're simply pleased to be sarcastic all along."

I shrugged my shoulders. She marched coldly and confidently towards the stile. It took off a high ground, which, I suppose, accounted for the absence of a step. But there were two cross-bars to assist the climber. I thought Chloe's face fell as she noted it.

"Let me give you a hand," I said.

"Nonsense!" she replied. "I don't want any assistance. It's quite easy." She put the hand which was not encumbered by the sunshade on the top bar and placed one neat foot on the lowest. Then she hesitated.

"Perhaps I'd better take the sunshade," I suggested.

She did not answer at once; then, "If you wish it," she replied, nonchalantly, "though it's of no consequence."

I took the sunshade and waited. Chloe's two feet were now on the lowest bar. She peered over. The stile let down beyond in a big drop into a kind of hollow or ditch.

"Oh!" said she. "I didn't—" I was still waiting.

"I wish you'd go on and not stare in that atrocious way," said she, with asperity.

I begged pardon, vaulted the stile with one hand, and strolled on. Presently I looked back. Miss Bohun was seated astride the top bar, clinging with both hands to it. Her face was deeply flushed.

"Do go on!" she called out, vehemently. I went on, leisurely. But, somehow, I could not make up my mind to walk briskly. She did not join me, so I flung myself upon the grass and pulled out a cigarette. Then I heard my name called in a distressful voice. I stood up and looked round. Miss Bohun was still astride the top bar, and she was pinker than ever.

"Please come—don't be so unkind!" she cried, with tears in her voice. I hurried back like the wind.

"Oh, just give me your hand!" panted Chloe, nervously lifting one from the bar. "I can't—it's such a long drop. I can't get my—"

"Wait a bit," said I, considering. "You're half-way over now. You've only got to lift that foot off the bar and—"

"I shall go over. I know I shall go over," she said, pathetically.

"No, you won't," said I. "It only requires confidence. Imagine you're on a horse and—"

"But I don't ride a horse this way," said Chloe, miserably.

"No," said I, "but men do; and women are just as good as—"

"It's cruel of you—it's beastly, when I'm in such peril!" sobbed Miss Bohun. She clutched wildly for me with the trembling hand she had disengaged. I seized it and her.

"Now just lift that foot," I enjoined. Chloe's weight lay limp on my shoulder.

"I can't get it free. It's stuck," she said, pitifully. I moved closer, still with my burden on my shoulder, and loosed the dainty foot. "Now," I said. She lifted it gingerly. "Don't mind about your ankles," I said.

"Oh, but am I—?" Her foot went back. "Shut your eyes, please," she entreated. I shut my eyes. The next instant the weight on me was doubled, and two arms went stranglingly about my neck. As I have explained, the foothold descended into a hollow. I went down precipitately on my head. I saw several cornfields and two or three stiles; also more than one Chloe. But I seemed content to be there. Miss Bohun extricated herself quickly.

"Oh, are you hurt? Oh, how dreadful of me!" she said. "Oh, please, do speak!"

"I liked it," I said, "and I'm only hurt in one place."

"I—you frightened me," she said, with a serious little laugh. "I'm so sorry; is it your head?"

I shook it, and sat up. "No; luckily I was born thick-headed."

"Your—your knee?" she inquired again, hesitatingly.

"Certainly not my knee," I replied.

"Then—" Chloe turned away. She might have asked further questions, but she didn't. She was busy smoothing her skirt. "I can't think why they make such horrible things," said she.

"Oh, but any woman can get over a stile," I told her. She made no reply, but turned right away. "Please," I called, "won't you help me up?"

Miss Bohun turned back reluctantly. I made a face of pain.

"It's your ankle?" she said, with sudden anxiety. I winced and took her hand, and then I was on my feet, with that hand in mine.

"No, it's here," I said, in a lower voice, laying that hand on my heart. "It was here long ago." I drew her to me.

"Do you always do that to people you help over stiles?" asked Chloe, between a smile and a sob.

FROM G. D. ARMOUR'S IRISH SKETCH-BOOK.



AN EVENT AT ENNISCORTHY: "DIVIL TAKE THE HINDMOST!"

SCENES FROM "THE CHEVALEER," AT THE GARRICK.



The Chevalier Mounteagle (Mr. Arthur Bourchier).

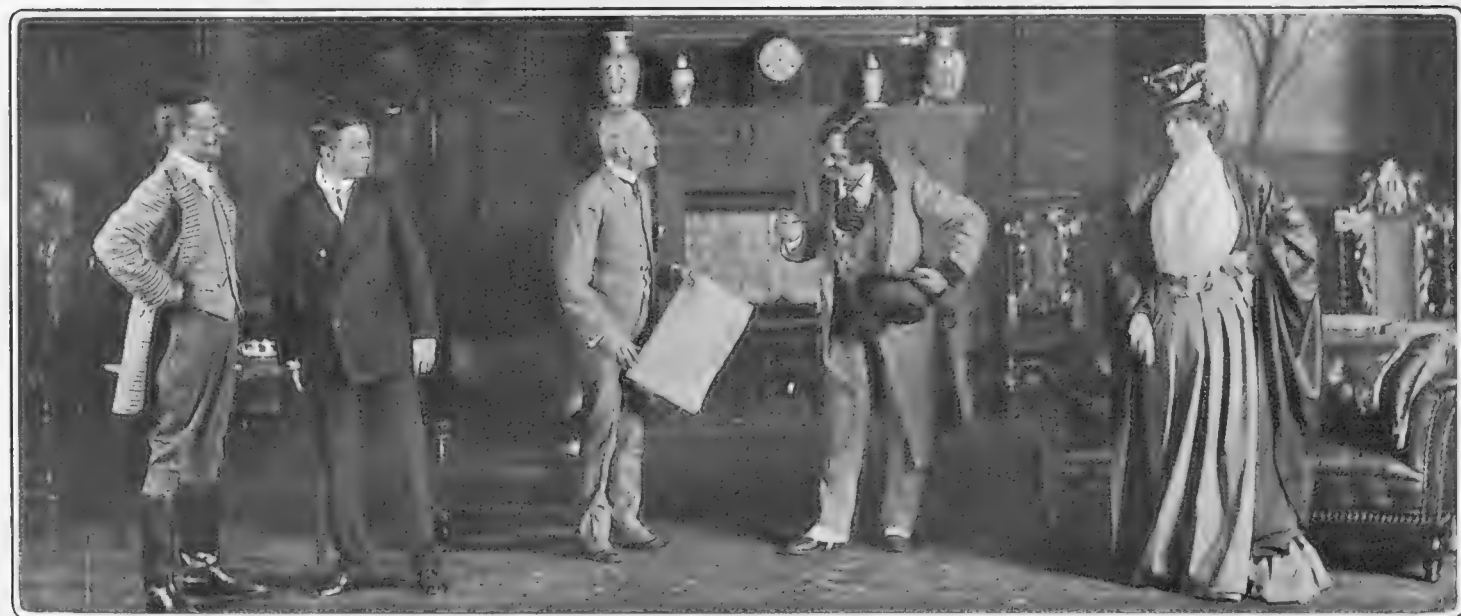
ACT I.—"THE WOOLPACK" HOTEL AT GRANDBURY: FIRST APPEARANCE OF THE CHEVALIER.

"This side up with care. Perishable. Deliver immediately."

Lady Anne Kellond (Miss Violet Vanbrugh).

Charlie Inskip (Mr. A. E. Matthews).

ACT I.—HORROR OF LADY ANNE AND CHARLIE INSKIP.

LADY ANNE: *He was under that table all the while we were talking just now. Concealed in that turpaulin thing.*

Sir John Kellond (Mr. H. Nye Chart). Charlie Inskip. Hon. Harcourt Cranage (Mr. O. B. Clarence). The Chevalier.

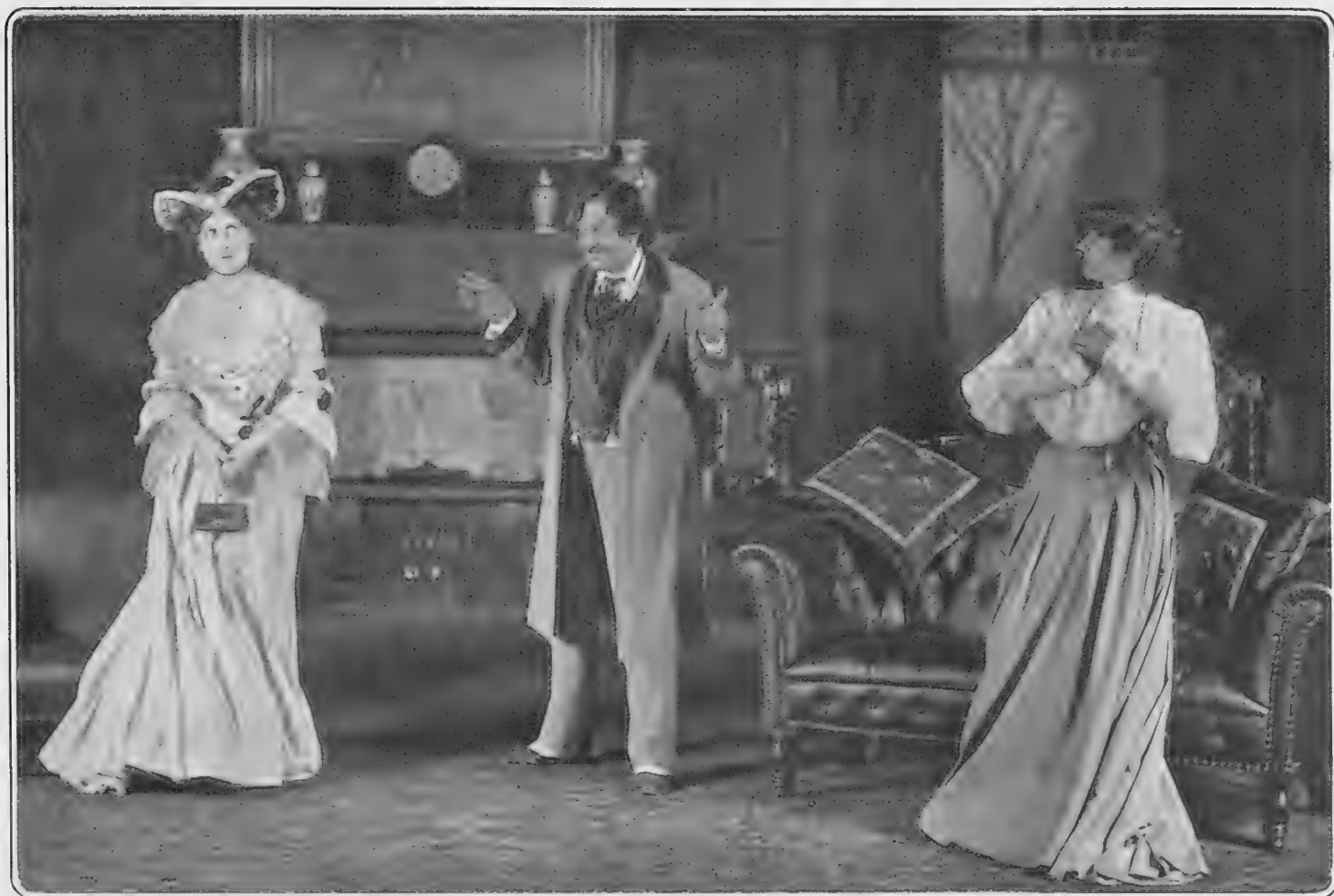
Lady Anne.

ACT II.—SIR JOHN KELLOND'S STUDY AT KELLOND PARK. THE CHEVALIER MAKES USE OF THE KNOWLEDGE WHICH HE IS SUPPOSED TO POSSESS.

THE CHEVALIER: *I am the one and only—the unique—the unapproachable—the epoch-maker.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

SCENES FROM "THE CHEVALEER." AT THE GARRICK.



Mrs. Fulks-Meesom (Miss Nancy Price).

The Chevalier.

Lady Anne.

ACT II.—THE CHEVALIER REFUSES TO TELL WHAT HE DOES NOT KNOW.

THE CHEVALIER: *Wish to be alone? Wish to indulge in a little irresponsible feminine gossip? I understand; pardon my intrusion.*



Sir John Kellond. Lady Anne.

Juno Mounteagle (Miss Ethelwyn Arthur-Jones).

The Chevalier.

ACT III.—THE PAVILION IN KELLOND PARK. THE CHEVALIER CARRIES THINGS OFF WITH A FLOURISHING HAND.

THE CHEVALIER: *My kind lady and gentlemen friends, I will now relate to you a pathetic incident of Waterloo.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIS AND WALEKY, BAKER STREET, W.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

AN American oculist, Dr. G. M. Gould, has written an article in the *Maryland Medical Record*, in which he studies from the physician's point of view the strange case of John Addington Symonds. Dr. Gould thinks that many of the physical ills of humanity are due to the preventable cause of eye-strain—"morbid ocular reflexes" is his professional term for it. Symonds was a man who had many gifts of fortune. He was rich, he was happily married, his children were delightful, he had a passion for literature and some literary gift of style. But his life, if we may judge from his diaries and letters, was by no means a happy one. Dr. Gould persuades himself that Symonds was "a martyr to medical indifference and ignorance, with symptoms recalling those of Nietzsche, George Eliot, and Lewes." It may be remarked that diaries and letters are not invariably to be relied upon, and that, while the physician may diagnose a malady, he cannot always control his patient.

Mr. Moncure D. Conway, having completed his autobiography, has left America for London. It appears that Mr. Conway has been in

to send to Keswick presently, along with Coleridge's own books, "by sea (per Maria)." In a subsequent letter Lamb writes of Coleridge's books, "They will be sent by sea." When revising the proofs of the *édition de luxe*, Ainger perceived that there was something wrong about "per Maria." If it really meant "by Mary," ought it not to read "per Mariam"? Accordingly, he proceeded to alter the text of Lamb's letter *silently*, from "per Maria" to "per Mariam." This was a very questionable proceeding indeed, and fitted to destroy all confidence in Ainger as a textual critic and editor. It may be hoped that the scholarly and accurate reviewer will himself produce a really satisfactory and final edition of Lamb's correspondence.

Mr. Henry Newbolt retires from the editorship of the *Monthly Review*. The periodical, however, is to be continued under the care of Mr. Charles Hanbury Williams. Mr. Newbolt was in a sense the founder of the *Review*, and he has shown considerable originality and ingenuity in his management of the periodical. The publisher, Mr. Murray, has seconded him by giving the *Review* every advantage



SONGS AND THEIR HEARERS.

ERRAND-BOY (maliciously): "Could you be true to eyes of blue if you looked into eyes of brown?"

the habit of keeping notes of his conversations with celebrated men and women—a practice which undoubtedly helps to make a book readable and entertaining. Mr. Conway's autobiography is to contain reports of interviews with Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Lowell, Garrison, Tennyson, Disraeli, Carlyle, Browning, Gladstone, Burne-Jones, and many others. Not less interesting will be Mr. Conway's picture of his boyhood in the South in the 'forties and 'fifties.

Mr. Booth Tarkington, an author who has obtained considerable celebrity in America and is not unknown here, has spent nearly a year in Europe. He lived in Rome last winter, and he has been spending most of the spring and summer in Paris. Next winter he will reside in New York. He expects to spend his time studying the phases of political life and continuing the political stories which he has been writing for *McClure's Magazine*.

The great specialist on Charles Lamb reviews in the *Athenaeum* recent editions of Lamb's Letters. His criticism on Canon Ainger's book is particularly interesting and damaging. Canon Ainger had good points, but he was not a scholar, and his literary conscience was by no means exacting. In his edition of 1888, Ainger printed a translation of Lamb's Latin letter to Coleridge. The translation of the letter was by Dr. Calvert of Shrewsbury. In the paraphrase the words "per Maria," which occur in the postscript of the letter, are absurdly rendered "by Mary." In this postscript Lamb tells Coleridge that he has two volumes of Milton's Latin works, which he promises

in paper, type, and binding. It is a most agreeable periodical to read, although I venture to think that the subjects have often been not sufficiently topical.

The late Dean Hole had more literary faculty than he was generally credited with. He is hardly to be judged by the moralisings which he produced in compliance with the requests of publishers. These are often sufficiently commonplace and tedious; but at his best, especially in his memoir of John Leech, and in his more successful verses, he gave indications of what he might have done in a life less divided by vivid and clamant interests. Possibly, however, he did well to develop his genial and many-sided personality as he did. There was a certain radiance and amplitude in his nature which made him welcome everywhere. He delighted in the variety of a long life, which, as he said himself, was spent in castles and in cottages, in cities and villages, with all sorts and conditions of men, Prince and peasant, with ecclesiastics and sportsmen, with authors and artists, soldiers and sailors, farmers, gardeners, artisans rich and poor. His centre of gravity was the pulpit, but he held himself free to range. He was emphatically an optimist, and he used to tell that, when he made this statement once at a public meeting, a local reporter informed his readers that "the worthy Dean went on to say that he was an oculist."

There is to be a biography of "Edna Lyall," who had a great vogue in England and America from the time that she published "Donovan" in 1882, a vogue which did not much diminish during her lifetime.—O. O.

THE PROFESSOR'S DECISION.

By HAROLD OHLSON.

"I'M thoroughly upset," said Lady Emily, after refusing to dance with me (I am only a brother). "I know I look horrid to-night."

"Oh, just as usual," I remarked, cheerfully, meaning well.

But Emily, frowning, evidently looked on the dark side of my remark.

"I mean," I hastened to add, "you are beautiful as ever."

"Oh!" said Emily.

(In this connection, having regard to a brother's well-known reticence on the subject of his sister's appearance, it must be considered fortunate that the literary instincts of Lady Emily expressed themselves at an early age in the form of autobiography. Written in a school exercise-book, in the enormous handwriting she still practises, it supplies us with valuable information. "My name is Emily, and I shall be pretty when I'm grown up." So the document began, and, although it extended to nearly two pages before the authoress wearied of her task, we need quote no more. The prophecy, so exactly fulfilled, was probably due to outside suggestion; possibly my own. If that were so, its positive tone shows the extreme confidence my sister reposed in me in those days.)

The cause of Lady Emily's unhappiness is easily explained. We had come up from the country that morning, and on our journey to the station by motor-car—Emily as chauffeur—we had collided with a little nursery-cart, and, cognisant of a ditch, had observed how a mother and a child rested in it, and how two other children lodged in the roadside hedge, too well bumped to howl.

There was no real damage done; a wheel had gone into the ditch, and the little cart, tilting sharply, had thrown out its occupants. I quieted the pony, Emily soothed the children; then we took them all back to their home. They had intended to catch the train to town, but the accident had so unsettled Mrs. Jocelyn (we knew her for a neighbour), and the baby having been much shaken, she decided to return home. Our apologies were but grudgingly accepted; days must elapse before baby would have recovered sufficiently from the shock to travel, and they were to have spent that night at a dear friend's, with other delightful visits to follow. The disappointment was bitter.

Emily and I were very silent on our journey toward, retreating behind voluminous newspapers, our hearts filled with vain regrets. But my sister's sorrow was, I learned, even greater than mine, for Mrs. Jocelyn's brother was none other than a certain eminent Professor, a mine of scientific knowledge, who, dear man, had promised to deliver a lecture, without fee, at a bazaar my sister was promoting in aid of—she could not recall at the moment what it was in aid of, but everybody was helping. He had not consented without protracted persuasion, and then would only promise for the first day. But now that Emily had upset his sister and scattered his nephews and nieces would he not be offended and refuse to come at all? The prospect was terrible. Emily was very sad.

It is often difficult to decide at once whether the development of an awkward situation be favourable or but added misfortune. I was resting from my labours in the dance, when Lady Anastasia approached me and sank into a chair at my side. She was plainly excited—indeed, she told me her nervous system was shattered; nothing could save her but an immediate ice. She had been talking to a dreadful person in spectacles; she thought he might be a man, people said he was a Professor.

"I had pitied the poor man; he seemed to know no one, and I tried to amuse him, and—oh, John!—he told me Life was a product of combustion and Bridge was a waste of time!"

I urged her to take some ice-cream, and with it she grew calmer.

"Life a product of—it seems almost indelicate, John. But he got worse. I was eating an ice, just as I am now, only it was a pink one, and he snapped at me that sudden cold applied to a heated body—and you know I never *look* hot—he said it was tempting Providence, as if I were Eve or Cleopatra, or someone like that; and as soon as I could think of an excuse I got up and ran—literally ran, John!"

"Dreadful!" I murmured.

"But there's dear Mrs. Bath Villiers—I must tell her all about it, she's so easily shocked. She's never got over the loss of her husband, you know. And he wasn't a good man, either. He was on the Stock Exchange. But women are so foolish when they love, aren't they, John?"

I shook my head mournfully.

"She writes poetry now Villiers is gone, and I think she'll marry again."

"Everything points to it," I agreed.

"Of course, time softens the bitterest blow, but she's so sensitive. It must be terrible to be a poet. The world is so hard, so coarse and unfeeling. She told me she longed to dwell in the land whence

the rainbow springs—so lovely I thought it!—she's just moved into Portman Square, you know—and I'm sure Sir Thomas means something, he's so attentive. He's looking for her now, so I must fly if I want to get even one little word with her. Forgive me for running away, John."

I was not adamant, and Lady Anastasia began to run again.

I had early recognised, with wonder at Fate's contriving, Emily's Professor in the monster from whom Anastasia had fled. He was, I knew, an occasional guest at the house, but it was not his custom to attend dances. He was a man of science, seeking ever to be a thief of Nature's secrets, peeping in her cupboards and pulling at her locked drawers, with intent to find what she hid so carefully. He did not dance; he must have been pressed to come in order to meet Emily. Alas, poor Emily!

It was not long before I discovered the Professor seated in a corner, shaded by palms, near the refreshments, and with no other than my sister herself as a companion. I withdrew discreetly; I am confident I was justified in feeling no direct interest in the matter between them. Had not Emily that morning besought me, with tears in her eyes—no, to be more exact, had she not declared her firm intention of driving the car, to show me exactly how it should be done? On her must rest all responsibility for the consequences.

But presently my sister approached me.

"You have told him?" I asked.

"No," said Emily. "You must."

"But—!"

"Think of my lecture. It will be better for you to explain than Mrs. Jocelyn. She'll pile it on. Better do it now, Johnnie."

"You must come with me then."

"Shall I hold your hand?" asked my sister, scornfully.

"Better hold the Professor's," said I.

"Go on, Johnnie."

"*Christiani ad leous!*" I murmured, grasping her arm.

I heard Emily enter a protest against putting Christians in the plural, but took no heed, and together we approached the Professor in his palm-shaded retreat.

In the conversation that followed Emily led, and I must express admiration at her deftness in working up to the final catastrophe.

She began by expatiating on the advance of science; extolling above all others the men who studied it; describing them as the greatest of mankind. Her words charmed the Professor, himself one of these wonders of the age, softening his heart, sinking in as butter into toast. Science suggested motor-cars, the immense strides made in locomotion in the last few years, due to the great thinkers, the master-minds—men like the Professor. The nervous, timid, unruly horse (a description emphasised for its subtle suggestion) must soon be cast aside. Emily was confident of it.

Then she grew enthusiastic on the pleasures of motoring—the delight of country touring, but, above all, the exhilaration of speed.

"It makes you feel," she exclaimed, "how grand it is to be alive!"

(At this I nodded. I had often felt how grand it was to be alive—when Emily had just turned a corner.)

At last she began to describe the incident of the morning, touching it lightly, but carefully avoiding any appearance of want of sympathy. I grew nervous as the inevitable explanation came nearer and the victims would be named. How would the Professor take it, even with such admirable preparation?

"We were so very, very sorry about it!" continued Emily. "More so than ever when we found that dear Mrs. Jocelyn and her children were in the carriage."

"Eh! What! Annie?" exclaimed the Professor.

A wave of emotion passed over his face. He rose as if to leave us.

"They were coming to-morrow to stop with me for a week," he said.

I gasped. I heard Emily gasp.

"And the baby was with them?" he asked.

"Yes," sighed my sister.

The Professor was silent. Presently Emily, evidently finding suspense intolerable, came to the point.

"You *will* come—just for the first day—won't you, Professor?" she asked, tearfully.

"I think, under the circumstances—," he began, slowly. Emily looked unutterable woe.

"That is to say, the cause is so admirable—"

Emily brightened.

"I believe I might manage—"

Emily triumphantly waved her ice-spoon.

"Both days," said the Professor.

THE END.

Studies of Children. By John Hassall.



"THOUGHTFUL JAMES."

Tragi-Comedies. By S. H. Sime.



III.—THE SKIRT-DANCER.

THE HUMOURIST ON THE SEASHORE.



COMMON OBJECTS.

DRAWN BY LANCE THACKERAY.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE MAYORESS OF BRIMPTON.

By HERBERT A. MORRAH.



Deborah Millick was a widow woman who took life soberly. Her late husband, on the other hand, had expended a good deal of his substance

on joviality. Dying, he had left the shop on her hands, and two boys. Though he had not made the most of the business, the emporium showed promise, and Brimpton was a growing town.

Deborah had often taunted her husband with his lack of enterprise.

"Alderman is what you might be," she was wont to say. "Many a man without half your chances has launched out! There's Grover, and Spotley, and Westerton, worth a lot less than you ten years back—and now where are they?"

"Nagging each other's lives away in that Town Chatter-Shop!" Millick would reply. "I'd sooner put a bit on a horse than pile up the cash to spend it as they do."

But ambition rose like a phoenix from Mr. Millick's ashes. Brimpton took no heed for quite a number of years. Mrs. Millick, good woman of business as she was, proceeded with the utmost caution. The two necessities of her existence were the shop and her two boys, Andrew and Charles. This meant much painful labour and tremendous thrift. Every penny had to be watched, and Deborah worked like a slave.

Three years after Millick's death a second establishment was opened and the original one enlarged. In another year a third was added.

The boys grew apace. Andrew was the one who seemed to grasp most quickly the importance of his mother's work. Mrs. Millick was somewhat puzzled at the attitude of Charles. He appeared to think it a small matter whether the shops grew or diminished. But his mother could not charge him with stupidity. The masters at the Brimpton school spoke about him with emphasis and pride, saying, "That boy will make his mark in the world."

And the establishments at Brimpton grew, till at last, when the firm advanced to the dignity of a printed catalogue, the very newspapers began to speak with pride of "our enterprising townswoman, Mrs. Millick."

Andrew was now eighteen. He was a gross-looking youth who favoured his father. He was not slow in demanding the freedom of manhood, his mother rejoicing the while, because he took so practical a view of life.

"What do you mean to be, Andrew?"

"I mean to be Mayor of Brimpton before I die, mother."

Absurd though it may seem, this determination filled Mrs. Millick with joy. "You ought to get some training in London ways," she said. "I'll get you a place in one of the big houses."

"And when I return," declared the youth, "won't I make Brimpton sit up, that's all!"

When he was gone there was a blank in the house. Charles, his mother saw, cared very little for Brimpton or Brimpton ways. One day he came to her and said, "Mother, I want to go up to Oxford."

His mother thought a little, then smiled indulgently. "You shall go, my son, though I'm afraid you'll find it anything but a wise training in the long run."

Indeed, in her heart, Mrs. Millick felt happier about Andrew. Her younger boy often spoke a language which she did not understand. So she sank more deeply than ever into her work. Home-life was lonely; Charles was ever engrossed in his books; and Andrew seldom wrote, except for money.

In due time Charles went up to Oxford, and in due course also Andrew returned to his native town. He had said he would make Brimpton hum. He began by persuading his mother to remove to a large and magnificent house on the outskirts of the town. Andrew himself drove in to business daily in a spanking dog-cart; his mother, simple as ever, preferred to walk. During

the next five years, Andrew made many friends. He was a man who never said "No" to anyone, and he became immensely popular in Brimpton. Sometimes he would bring a few flashy associates from London to stay. If they patronised the provincialisms of Mrs. Millick, she saw through and forgave them. "Young men will be young men," she said. It was the young women she could not stand. Her constant fear was that Andrew might marry unwisely. Indeed, her homely views were against all sorts of harmless, necessary things. When her son came to her one day with a fresh proposition, she was startled.

"I've arranged," he said, "to buy the theatre here. Can you let me have a couple of thou? There's a deposit I must pay."

"If only it had been a new refrigerating plant!" thought Mrs. Millick. "Charles wants money, too," said she, after a moment's hesitation.

"What for? How much?"

"More than you've just asked for."

"Well? How much?"

"Five thousand."

Andrew laughed.

"I don't see why he shouldn't have it," his mother replied.

"He's done well up there; he's carried all before him."

"He's not practical. He'll throw it away."

"I don't like theatres," observed Mrs. Millick, at cross-purposes.

"It's pure business. No one asks you to go to it. This one-horse town doesn't possess a decent place of amusement. What does Charles mean?"

"He is going to equip a scientific expedition."

"To the moon?"

"With a promise of Government support."

"I see. He takes the risks, and the country the profits."

"He's a right to my money; that's what your father made the business for."

"It'll be lost."

"I don't like theatres," said Mrs. Millick. "I've heard of fortunes going that way."

"Come, mother," urged Andrew, "if you won't make any objection to my two, I'll say nothing against Charles's five. Can't you see that a thing of this sort helps us? I can't afford to let other people snap it up—I'm a representative man now. Though I'm the youngest member of the Council, they look to me to take the lead."

"They'll be making you Mayor some day, Andrew, dear."

"In four years, I suppose."

"You'll want a Mayoress, my son."

"You shall be Mayoress, mother."

What glory! No wonder Mrs. Millick was conquered.

Deborah's mind was now set on self-improvement. She found learning difficult, but stuck to it, leaving the business, to his great satisfaction, mainly to Andrew.

He did not, as a fact, attend much to his proper work. His habits were too active for that. He ran Fire Brigades, Cricket Clubs, Lodges of Oddfellows, and so forth. His loud voice was much in request at smoking concerts. The name of Millick was kept standing in type at the office of the *Brimpton Mercury*. He had a season-ticket to London, three hours away, and he spent several days a week running up to town "on business."

The years sped on, and, while Andrew was cutting a tremendous dash wherever he was seen, little was heard of Charles. He wrote at rare intervals, and it seemed that he was losing money pretty steadily.

"But we mean to stick to it," he said. "It will turn up trumps some day." Andrew thought his brother a fool; but the approach of a certain Mayoral election put other matters out of his head. That Andrew would be chosen was now practically settled, and Mrs. Millick's heart beat faster, thinking of the great days to come.

Deborah was sitting alone one evening in early autumn when a visitor was announced—"Miss Derwentwater."

"What an unreasonable name!" thought Mrs. Millick.

The lady entered like a mountain breeze. Hers was not a Brimpton face, nor a Brimpton manner, nor a Brimpton dress.

"You didn't expect me?" the visitor asked, without nervousness. "Andrew has never mentioned me?"

Mrs. Millick turned pale. "Never," she said.

"My name must sound strange to you."

"It sounds theatrical."

The lady laughed merrily. "Yes, I'm on the boards. But don't look so horrified, for I'm often in very good company, and then—well, I'm shortly going to leave them."

"But does this all concern me?" asked Mrs. Millick.

"Two months from now I shall be Andrew's wife. I naturally wish you to know the fact, especially as by that time he will have assumed a public position."

Mrs. Millick gasped. For the moment she was thinking of herself. "But Andrew promised——"

"Promised!" The new arrival grew fiery. "That's what I came to see you about! Promises! What didn't he promise? He promised to set me up in a theatre. He promised to marry me."

She brandished a bundle of letters in Mrs. Millick's face. "Yes," she continued, with the incoherence of nervous anger, "I've had my share of admirers. I wouldn't listen to him, but he cajoled me with promises, and this, and that, and the other! A pretty story I could tell in a Court of Law, Mrs. Millick!"

"Then he's thought better of it, I understand?"

"Better or worse: we shall see!"

"Show me the letters."

Miss Derwentwater handed one over in gingerly fashion. Mrs. Millick recognised Andrew's writing. She flushed as she read one ardent phrase after another.

"Well," she said, quickly, "what do you want me to do?"

"Ah, now you're reasonable! I thought you would be. I only ask to be met half-way. You can't wish that Brimpton should ring with it. It would be queer to have everyone laughing over these letters."

"How much do you want for them?" Mrs. Millick demanded, her business-mind at work.

"I'm not a mere blackmailer, Mrs. Millick."

"Of course not, Miss Lake. But what I want to know is if my son loves you and if you love him. Doubtless it is funny to a play-acting person that love should have anything to do with it."

"On the other hand," retorted Miss Derwentwater, "it is doubtful if any conception of real passion can be known to a place like Brimpton."

"We need not argue," said Mrs. Millick, abruptly. "I have to consider facts, not theories. My son has a position to maintain here which no slight person could rise to."

"There's not much flightiness here, I see," said the other.

"No, we're solid; and I will make you a solid offer. I hate theatres. Those who live by them must, I suppose. So name your figure and have done with it. At least, I will perform the promise my son seems ready to break. You can have your theatre. Andrew has made a mistake. You're not the woman for Brimpton."

"I do not particularly want to marry your son, Mrs. Millick. But I have to fight my way in the world, and a promise is a promise."

"Don't say too much," returned Mrs. Millick, with an air of exalted contempt. "Name your figure and have done."

"These things would mean a thousand pounds in the Courts," said Miss Derwentwater.

Mrs. Millick drew out her cheque-book. "Christian name?" she asked.

"Dolores."

The pen flew. "Pay to the Order of Miss Dolores Drinkwater the sum of One Thousand Pounds.—Deborah Millick."

"It is not quite right," said the fair one, as she handled the draft with trembling fingers.

"Endorse it as it is written," commanded Mrs. Millick. "I dare say one fancy-name will do as well as another."

The letters lay on the table. Mrs. Millick promptly destroyed them.

"Andrew," said the mother to the son that night, "a lying female came to see me to-day. She called herself by the name of Derwentwater: a woman all frills and furbelows, and with no more heart than a crocodile."

Andrew was silent.

"She said you had promised to marry her; she gave me evidence of the fact; and I bought her off for a thousand pounds. Well, speak, Andrew; tell me if I have done well or ill."

"You've done well, mother. I'm grateful."

He said no more. Mrs. Millick passed a troubled night. In the morning she felt uneasy. Why, she could hardly say, for it was a frequent occurrence. But Andrew had left home, and she wondered.

For several weeks she heard nothing. Already Brimpton gossip had begun to stir.

"Dolores and I are married," Andrew wrote, at last. "You are a brick, mother. But I've cut Brimpton. There'll be some sensation, I suppose, but it's no place to make money in; I'm going to speculate

in London a bit. There's a big theatrical fortune to be made up here. You wait, and Dolores will make you sit up. All's fair in love, and I couldn't get the money any other way. Things have not gone very well lately, but I'm sure *you* will get them straight again."

It was a frightful blow to Mrs. Millick. She put away her "Model Manual for Mayoresses" with a heavy heart, and tears were shed; but, quickly drying them, she set out to the headquarters of the establishment which still called her mistress. Evidence of her son's recklessness arose on every side. How to avert ruin, that was the question. Her stout heart resolved on heroic measures. She gave up her big house, reassumed the reins of government, and returned to live over the old shop.

Brimpton was full of rumours. The town was annoyed. The sarcastic references of the *Mercury* were more than Mrs. Millick could bear. She discontinued the paper. And by degrees she settled down to the routine of work and painfully rolled the stone up the mountain again. But at last, after nearly three years had gone by, she felt that the strain was too much. She wrote to Andrew, who replied in lofty terms about Art, and enclosed an illustrated interview with Miss Dolores Derwentwater, in which that lady was described as "the rising hope and star of the British Drama." Then, in her extremity, she applied to Charles, who had just returned to England after a long absence in South America. He, with his scientific honours thick upon him, lost no time in coming down to Brimpton.

The London papers were talking a good deal about Charles Millick. The Government had offered him an important post, which it was supposed he would immediately accept. Instead of which, after an interview with his mother, he declined it.

"Charles," she explained to him, "I know that your high work puts ours here at Brimpton quite in the shade. But think of your dear father's memory, and how proud he would have been to see us right at the top of Brimpton, and so acknowledged! I see now I was mistaken in my estimate of you boys. I know that if I look to you I shall not be disappointed. And we are so near the great success I have always dreamed of."

"And worked for," said Charles, helping his mother out.

"Perhaps," she agreed. "You see, I always had an object. I had hoped to live to be Mayoress of Brimpton."

"And now?"

"I am thinking of the next generation."

"No, mother; think of this. I'll do what you want. I'll come and live over the emporium. We'll put it at the top of the tree. I owe you that, at least."

Charles was as good as his word. On the day that he was elected Mayor, he came to his mother and said, "Well, mother, is it well done?"

"Oh, my boy, how proud, how delighted your father would be! I never thought I'd live to hear such news!"

"I have other news as well—of a very personal sort, this time."

"You are going to be——?" She paused.

"You have guessed. She is the sweetest girl in the world."

"Oh, Charles, not a play-actress!"

"A lady of high degree."

"Oh, my son, my son, are you sure she will not despise us? But, of course, I forgot. She will be Mayoress of Brimpton, and that she can hardly despise."

"But Mayoress is just what she will not be," he laughed. "Do you think if she took such a step just now it would accord with sweetness? We shall not be married for a year."

"Then I, Charles—I shall be Mayoress, after all!"

The poor old soul was shedding happy tears.

So all went well with Deborah, and the opening ball of the Mayoral year was a great success. We quote from the *Brimpton Mercury*—

The Mayoress wore a magnificent creation by Worth, of Paris, consisting of a distinguished design in black silk appliqué, heavily studded with jet and golden sequins. The full Court-train was of Japanese brocade, embroidered round the hem with a series of miniature crowns and castles, by which happy combination, picked out in gold, a compliment was paid to our time-honoured heraldic distinctions. Miss Alicia Lessing, on this her first visit to Brimpton, was accompanied by her mother, Lady Lessing, who wore a beautiful dress of mauve panne, and was herself attired in white satin, the corsage being draped with rare Limerick lace and relieved by dark-red roses. The atmosphere was full of congratulations to the Mayor and his affianced bride. Mr. Millick, whose scientific attainments, coupled with his rare business capacity, have given him a reputation which extends far beyond our own borough, has thus opened a year of office which promises to eclipse all previous records, and we desire to extend to him our sincere felicitations as well as our cordial thanks for his acceptance of the numerous exacting duties which will now devolve upon him.

And below, with mingled feelings, Mrs. Millick read the following paragraph, which she had herself written—

The Mayoress of Brimpton has accorded her patronage to Miss Derwentwater's benefit performance at the Theatre Royal on the 1st of January next.

Deborah folded up the paper with a sigh.





HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



MRS. BROWN-POTTER'S season at the Savoy will begin on or about the evening of Monday, 19th inst., when she will act the part of Claire in "George Daring's" (otherwise Madame Raoul Duval's) four-Act play, "The Golden Light," a copyright performance of which was given at Maidenhead last Saturday.

The piece is not a romantic or emotional drama of the old or "costume" school, as might be supposed from its title or from the fact that Mrs. Brown-Potter has so often been associated with "costume" plays. It is essentially a play of to-day, offering opportunities for the display of fervour, feeling, and passion—for it has a deep "heart interest"—as well as for what has been called the "chiffon of conversation," as it introduces the light and fashionable side of Society.

The services of Mr. Gilbert Hare as a producer of plays are at present in considerable demand, thus furnishing another illustration of hereditary talent, for his father, Mr. John Hare, long enjoyed the reputation of being the most brilliant stage-manager of the day. Indeed, when he was a manager, he would often leave himself out of the cast, in order to bestow undivided attention on the play as a whole, although there was a part which would undoubtedly have won him fresh laurels as an actor. Mr. Gilbert Hare is directing the production of "His Highness, My Husband," as well as that of "The Golden Light."

Another of the actors of the younger generation who is being sought for for this sort of work is Mr. Granville Barker, who has in him that touch of poetical insight which is so valuable in plays that do not merely reproduce the modes of the moment. There is undoubtedly an element of fantasy in Mr. Granville Barker's composition, evidence of which was shown in his comedy, "The Marrying of Anne Leete," produced by the Stage Society a year or two ago. This may be taken as a promise of happy augury for the Christmas play at the Court, which he has written in collaboration with Mr. Laurence Housman, and the production of which he will direct, for he has been selected to exercise a practical control over the stage arrangements of the Court, which, in its reconstructed state, will be opened shortly.

In one respect the appearance of Miss Eleanor Robson at the Duke of York's in "Mercy Mary Ann" on the evening of the 8th is remarkable. Indeed, it is practically unprecedented in the case of an American actress. She is making her debut without any heralding or the use of the puff preliminary in the shape of paragraphs. If she succeeds, as everyone hopes she will, she will win on her own merits, for she is coming in "on rubbers," as they say in America.

In America she has the reputation of being not only the finest *ingénue* on the stage of that country, but an actress with a promise of greatness when the years have

given her the strength to attempt the greater parts which her temperament and imagination suggest she should play.

There is another thing in connection with Miss Robson which calls for a little note. Her name is not pronounced as it is spelt. She pronounces her name with a long "o," as if it were spelled "Robeson." With us there is but one method of pronunciation, but in America there are two, and they are always kept very distinct.

Indeed, to call "Robson" one who pronounces his name "Robeson" is to commit a solecism no less unforgivable than to address as "Robeson" a man who calls himself "Robson."

Once more, but probably for the last time, the date of the production of "His Highness, My Husband," at the Comedy Theatre, has been changed, and now the evening of the 21st inst. has been fixed for it. In addition to Miss Lottie Venne, Miss Miriam Clements, and Mr. Leonard Boyne, the cast will include two actors who have been winning success away from the London stage—Mr. Paul Arthur and Mr. Herbert Ross—as well as Mr. Akerman May, Mr. Harvey Long, and Mr. William Lugg.

Even the pessimists must admit that the season has begun hopefully for the cause of English as opposed to imported or adapted drama. Most of the theatres have relied on home-made works, the exceptions which are running or are underlined for production being the Apollo with "Véronique," the Shaftesbury with "The Prince of Pilsen," and Miss Lena Ashwell with her adaptation of "La Montansier," to be followed later by "His Highness, My Husband," from "The Prince Consort."

On the other hand, it is probably some time since so many plays which owe their origin to books have been running in London. "Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner" leads the way followed by "That Brute Simmons" and

by reason of seniority, "The Garden of Lies."

The incursion of novelists to the stage is one of the signs of the times, for, in addition to those whose plays have been named, Mr. A. E. W. Mason is writing a comedy for Miss Edna May, and there are such well-known names as Mr.

Anthony Hope, Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, Mr. Max Pemberton, and Mr. Zangwill to add to the list, which by no means aims at being exhaustive.

"The Garden of Lies" has afforded another instance of that specialism which is so conspicuous a factor in the theatrical world, as, indeed, it is in all the other professions to-day. This is Mr. Mark Kinghorne's appearance as Sir Gavin McKenzie, which makes the ninth Scotch part in nine successive years for which Mr. Kinghorne has been selected. This last part is practically an example of the often-quoted return to first principles, for in playing McKenzie, Mr. Kinghorne is representing a man who bears what was originally his own family name.



MR. COSMO HAMILTON,
PART-AUTHOR OF "THE CATCH OF THE SEASON," AT THE
VAUDEVILLE.
Photograph by Langley, Old Bond Street, W.



MR. LIONEL BROUGH, WHO WILL SHORTLY CELEBRATE HIS THEATRICAL JUBILEE, IN
HIS GARDEN AT SOUTH LAMBETH. (SEE PAGE 302.)

KEY-NOTES

DURING the present week the 'Three Choirs' Festival is making its progress at Gloucester, the organist of which town is Mr. A. Herbert Brewer, who is now getting quite an old hand at this sort of thing. One supposes that the controversy on the subject of provincial Musical Festivals will never entirely cease so long as there is any element not essentially musical introduced into the situation. I myself can see no earthly reason why the music given on these occasions should be any less valuable or interesting because the proceeds of the week are devoted to certain charitable causes. That they do a great deal of good is certain, and that the provinces of England are thereby to a large extent made acquainted with the music of the day is a matter beyond denial; surely to every visitor at these Festivals there remain many memories of particular works very finely given, and of moments when one's artistic emotion has been rightly and intimately touched; such a moment, for example, one could never forget who heard portions of "Parsifal" when they were given at Hereford some years ago, and when the immortal bells in the actual Cathedral, hitherto part and parcel of the stage, thrilled the whole audience with their unexpected and splendid beauty. It is to be noted, by the way, that "Parsifal" is not neglected in the present Festival.

While one is on the subject of "Parsifal" it is interesting to note that, despite all opposition, a very serious attack of "Parsifalitis" is passing like a heat-wave over the continent of America; even that famous organ of self-righteousness the *Musical Courier* (which, by the way, despite all the abuse which is hurled upon it, remains one of the most readable of musical papers) has been quite helpless in its attempts "to shield the widow and the orphan," as on one occasion, if memory serves rightly, that same paper pathetically described Frau Wagner and her son, the composer of "Bärenheuter," and the regenerate Boston—aye, Boston itself—has fallen into the net of the fowler. Whether this matter is to be altogether deprecated or not is a subject which rather belongs to the controversialists of religious problems; but there is no doubt that a very large body of men who would be quite prepared to hear the music-drama at Bayreuth itself do not care to see it haled up and down the United States of America, even though the question of law is settled once and for ever. It very often happens, however, that these things are worse in anticipation than in reality.

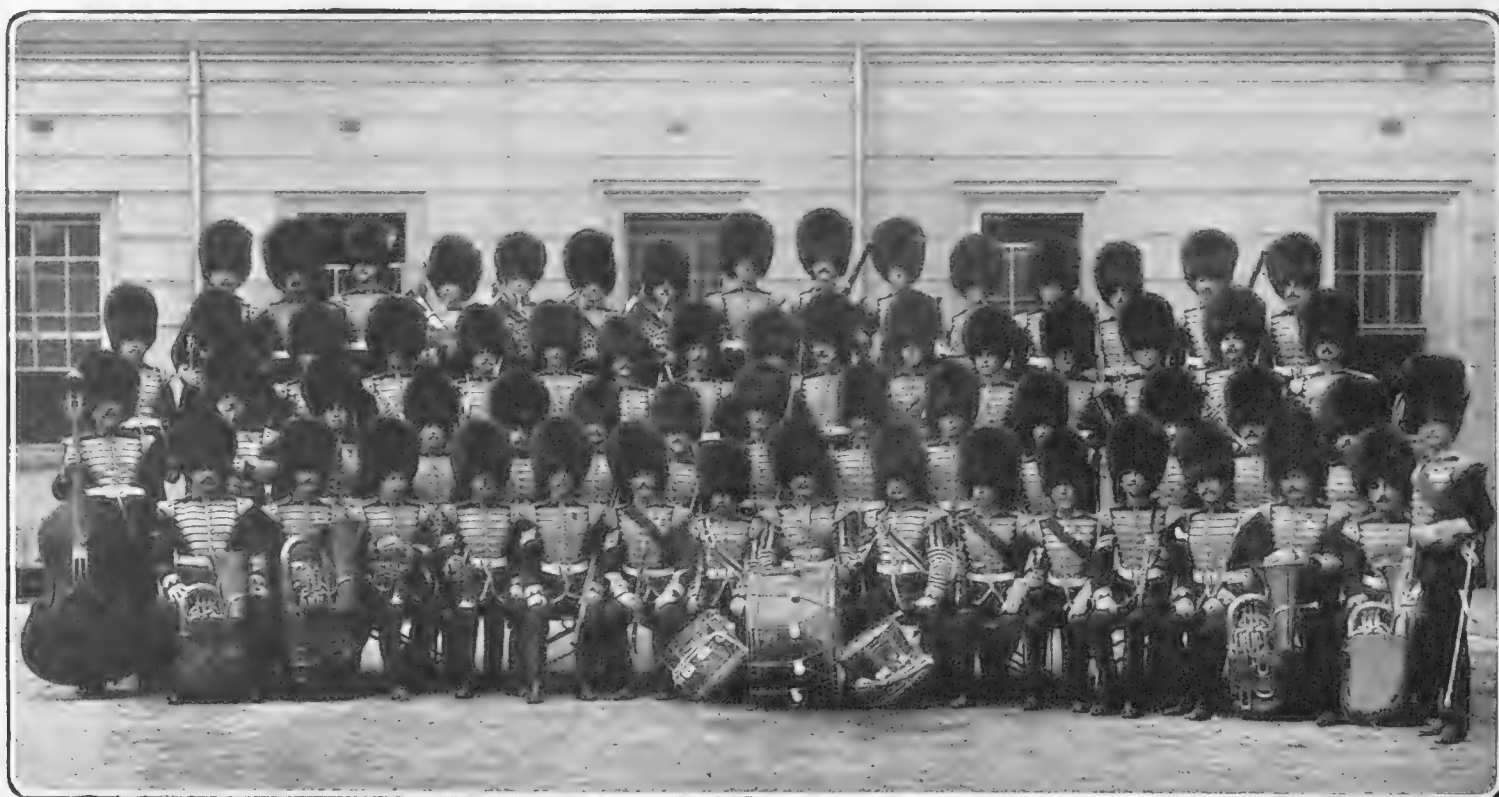
Among the novelties recently produced under Mr. Henry Wood's direction at the Promenade Concerts, Mr. Charles Macpherson's "Hallowe'en" has been one of the principal matters of interest.

The work is that of a very clever man who has clearly studied his art with enthusiasm and with insight. It is always interesting to watch, in anything that is novel, precisely how the spirit of the *Zeitgeist* has affected a composer. Here Mr. Macpherson dishes it up for us hot and hot, for he seems to be almost impatient of anything that does not smack of modernity. Wagner is being gradually deposed from his position as one who had uttered the last modern word upon music, and now we are all for Richard Strauss, for, indeed, the spirit of Sir Edward Elgar leads him into such secret and sacred places that he counts but little for a great influence in the compositions of other musical personalities. Elgar is so little of a worldling in his music, while Strauss seems ever to be abroad hunting for the soul of that world, that it would be very unlikely if the latter composer were not chiefly looked to for essential mastership in teaching. In any case, Mr. Macpherson's work is remarkably clever, and we shall look forward with much interest to hearing other work from the same pen.

The death of Mr. Percy Betts in his early fifties deprives London of a very prominent individuality in the world of musical criticism. Mr. Betts had a long and varied career as the musical critic of many papers, and his reminiscences as he used to tell them himself proved how keen a memory he possessed and how interested he had been in the musical history of England in the last thirty years. A constant visitor at all provincial Festivals, a man insatiable in the gathering up of news, a kindly and friendly companion, he found, perhaps, his principal enjoyment in really hard work. He seemed early to have discovered the fact that without great industry the life of the critic must always be a difficult one; and, although he made no pretensions to a grand style of writing, his work was always lucid and intelligent. "Finis coronat opus."

COMMON CHORD.

The engagement of the Band of the Grenadier Guards to play at the St. Louis Exhibition gave Messrs. Boosey and Co. a splendid opportunity to display their business promptitude and the resources of their establishment in the manufacture of musical instruments. The Exhibition authorities insisted that the Grenadiers should play at the low pitch "A 439," so Mr. A. Williams, the Bandmaster, early in May requested Messrs. Boosey to make fifty-eight low-pitch instruments for his men, the result being that the whole set was delivered at the beginning of July. Every instrument was made throughout at Messrs. Boosey's factory and hardly one required any alteration. The Grenadiers gave their farewell performance at the Earl's Court Exhibition on Aug. 13, amid a scene of extraordinary enthusiasm, the general opinion being that the tune, tone, and intonation were magnificent.



Mr. Williams.

BAND OF H.M. GRENADIER GUARDS (CONDUCTOR, MR. A. WILLIAMS, MUS. BAC.): THESE MUSICIANS ARE NOW PERFORMING AT THE ST. LOUIS EXHIBITION, A SPECIAL SET OF LOW-PITCH INSTRUMENTS HAVING BEEN MADE FOR THE OCCASION.

Photograph by W. E. Gray, Bayswater.

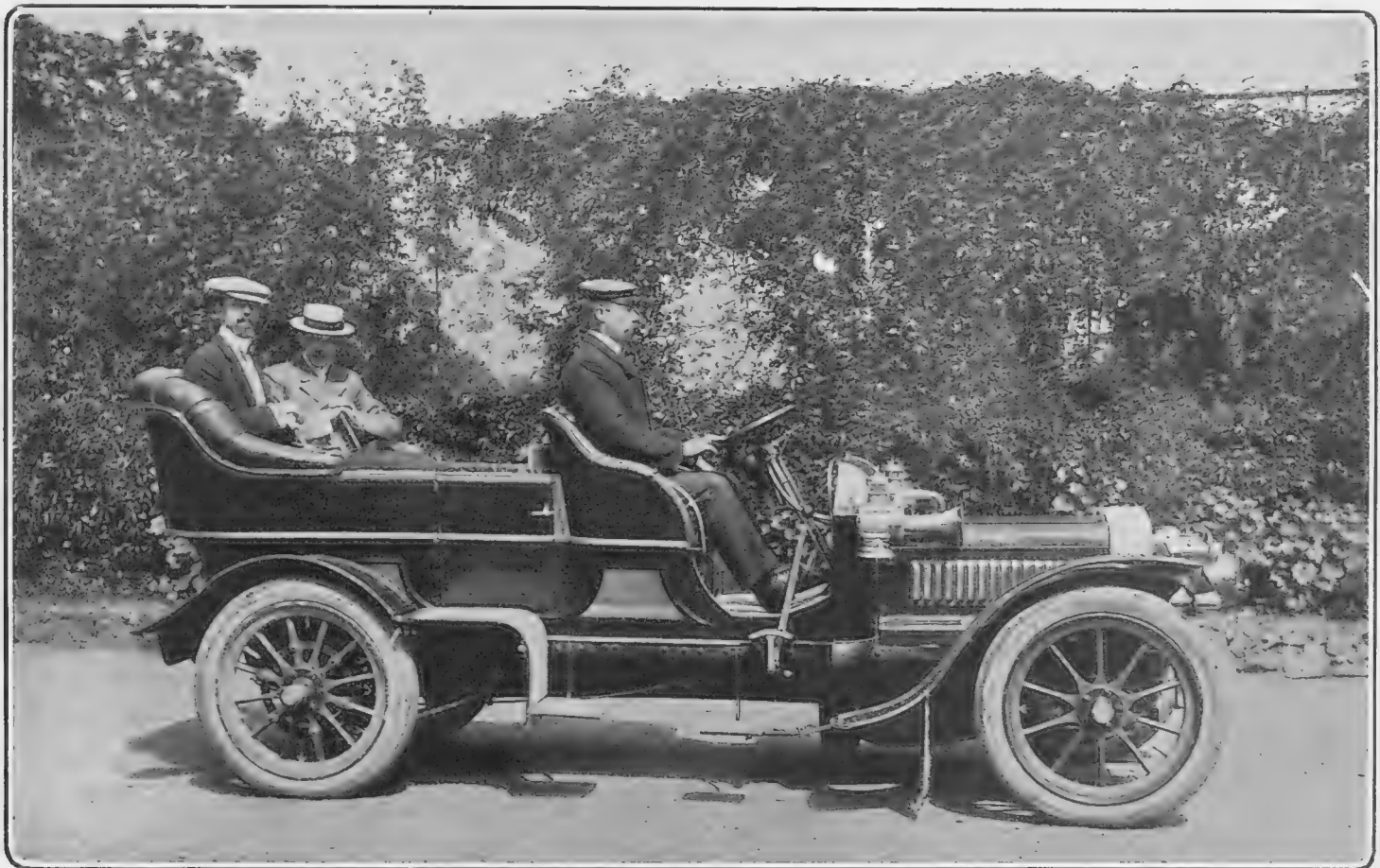


Reliability Trials—English Cars—Spectators—Miss Dorothy Levitt—Failures—The Crown Prince of Sweden.

THE Small-Car Reliability Trials, which are now going on should, if they complete as successfully as they have run up to the present moment, do much to advance the small car in the estimation of the public. After a most careful observation of each and every car taking part in these trials, and noting the great progress made of late in the perfection of the single-cylinder car, I am bound to say that the advance in design and construction of the small vehicle is as astonishing as anything in the rapid movement of automobilism. No less than thirty-five vehicles out of an entry of thirty-eight started for the initial run out of Hereford on Monday, 29th ult., and on the conclusion of the third day's run, when three hundred and six miles of very trying roads had been covered under close conditions, with three severe hill-tests thrown in, thirty-one of the thirty-five cars were still running well. The causes which led to the withdrawal of the four cars were, in themselves, not particularly serious, while the incidents which prevented a certain percentage of

of the double journey covered on the Tuesday of the Trial week. So steep was the summit-gradient of this hill that it was cut out of the timed portion of the ascent, the rules of the Club precluding a timed hill-climb to have a steeper gradient than 1 in 7. The portion of Frome's I refer to is 1 in 6.4 for about 180 yards, and rough at that.

One of the remarked features of these tests was the skilful driving of a small car by Miss Dorothy Levitt, perhaps the most skilful as she is certainly one of the smartest and most charming of our lady drivers. As usual, she was accompanied day after day and drive after drive by her tiny little toy Pomeranian, the care of which sweet little canine affords her observer some additional distractions. On the day of the Frome's Hill Climb this young lady driver was the object of a very charming attention from a white-haired old gardener, who, with much natural grace and politeness, advanced to her car as it topped the topmost brow and handed her a beautiful nosegay of garden-flowers.



The Crown Prince.

THE CROWN PRINCE OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY ON A 28-36 HORSE-POWER DAIMLER (1904 MODEL).

Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.

the cars from making a non-stop run of fifty-odd miles twice a day were, for the most part, trivial and of such character that any average automobilist could grapple with and remedy them on the road with but very little inconvenience.

One, if not the chief, surprise of the tests is the splendid running of the Humber, Swift, Star, and Wolseley cars, all of English construction and design. There are many others also doing well, but, as some of these are known to be constructed by English firms from parts supplied by French makers, or are holus-bolus foreign cars sold under English names, less interest is felt in their performances, which, taken for all in all, are not, I am pleased to say, nearly up to that of the home-grown article.

The Cathedral City of Hereford—or, at least, its inhabitants, from the Mayor downwards—took the very keenest interest in the Small-Car Trials, and even at the early hour of eight o'clock in the morning large numbers of Herefordians lined the streets by which the cars left the city and criticised the little vehicles freely. The good folks of the country-side, too, gathered in great strength on Frome's Hill, a terrible steep selected for the second hill-climb and forming part

It should not be thought that the vehicles which have failed to effect non-stop runs have for the most part suffered, as far as the trials have gone at the moment of writing, from any serious mishap. The majority of the failures in the non-stop runs will be found to be due to trembler and other ignition troubles, slipping clutches, missed gear-changes, the shedding of passengers on steep hills, the accidental stopping of engines, tyre troubles, which come to all, and broken wires: indeed, the mishaps which occur frequently to the automobilist and of which, once remedied, he never thinks again.

The Crown Prince of Sweden is not only a keen motorist, but he is a first-rate mechanical engineer, and it is even said in Stockholm that he has suggested several good improvements to existent French automobiles. King Oscar's eldest son and heir is, perhaps, the most serious-minded of future Sovereigns; he led a studious youth and is highly cultivated. His Royal Highness is married to a first-cousin of the German Emperor. Unfortunately, the Swedish climate is very severe, and the Crown Princess is always obliged to winter away in Southern Europe; but during the summer months of the year she and the Crown Prince and their sons live in a fine castle close to the sea, and when there they motor, boat, and bathe.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

Doncaster—Autumn Handicaps—"S.-P." Coups—"Sharping."

THERE are more than the usual number of house-parties for Doncaster this year, and the party staying at Rufford Abbey includes His Majesty the King, who, unfortunately, does not own a three-year-old good enough to run for the St. Leger. The contest, however, will produce plenty of speculation, as many good judges will not stand Pretty Polly at any price, while others think the race is all over bar shouting for Major Loder's smart filly. I side with the latter, and am never likely to forget the advice given to one of my colleagues by the late Robert Peck in the matter of The Bard. It was to tip him every time until he was beaten, and then to tip the horse

that beat him. Well, we gave The Bard sixteen times as a two-year-old, and he won every time. For the following Derby we stood him again, but he got beaten by the mighty Ormonde. I do not think Pretty Polly can be beaten at Doncaster, and I think St. Amant will be second and St. Denis third. There should be a good race for the Doncaster Cup. The Northerners will go for Pretty Polly, but I shall plump for Ypsilanti.

As the acceptances for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire will, as usual, be published an hour before the St. Leger is set to be run, it

would be of little service to discuss the weights just now. The handicappers have done their work well, and I think there will be plenty of speculation over both races. It can do no harm, now that the weights have been published, to tell that the early fancies in the Continental lists were, for the Cesarewitch, Sceptre, Mark Time, Lord Rossmore, Palmy Days, Sand-boy, and Hammerkop. The lot mentioned might easily contain the name of the winner, but I am told that one of the most improved stayers at Newmarket is Foundling, and if he accepts this horse is pretty certain to have a big following. The early "sharp" tips for the Cambridgeshire were Cape Solitaire, Dumbarton Castle, Delaunay, Mountain King, Pretty Polly, Santry, and Wood Pigeon. It will be noticed that Cape Solitaire and Mountain King are trained at the Netheravon stable, which also shelters Hackler's Pride and Queen's Holiday, so that Fallon has a good paper chance of once more leading back the winner of this important handicap. Indeed, he may train the winners of the double event, as Lord Rossmore is all over a Cesarewitch horse.

It is refreshing to hear that several big starting-price jobs have come badly undone of late. According to one who should know, it has been in certain races a case of diamond cut diamond. Seemingly it is the fashion nowadays to keep a "good thing" until some other stable is going out for the gold, then to pounce down and swallow up their investments. I heard of a certain horse that had missed several engagements but was eventually slipped, only to be beaten by a horse that, in the words of Jockey Mason of old, had "bin a-waitin' for 'im round the 'aystack," so to speak. Competition is a real good thing even in racing, and I am glad to know that this sort of rivalry is going on, since it may in time kill those starting-price coups which are so disastrous to the ordinary racegoer.

I heard the other day of the case of a professional backer who in a certain race found out that the favourite was not going to win, so he set about to pick a little lot, and, more by luck than by judgment, he managed to include the winner, which started at a good price. In the bad old days I believe big coups were worked thus: Leading jockeys who were none too honest would look after the favourites, while their friends backed the mount of some jockey in the race who was known to be above suspicion and who could be relied upon to do his very best. This, I need scarcely add, is a very easy way of making money, as the jockey who is on the winner never knows anything about the arrangement.

CAPTAIN COE.



[DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.]

"CONFOUND IT, BOY, WHAT AM I DOING WRONG?"
"YOU DON'T KEEP YER EYE ON THE BALL, SIR."

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

ONE would have supposed that the ill effects of universal depression and reduced incomes which have prevailed in England since before the War would, at least, have ceased from troubling when the Channel was crossed and oppressive domesticities temporarily put behind one. But it would seem that even abroad John Bull and his finances are casting their shadows before, and foreign hotel-keepers are now elevating eyebrows and shrugging shoulders and uplifting hands over the deplorable economies of the once most magnificent Briton. Wines, carriages, rooms of the best are no longer "commanded" as of yore by the lordly Anglo-Saxon, and the legend "ces riches Anglais" has fallen into permanent disuse now that Château Yquem is exchanged for Graves, the victoria for the omnibus, and the first-floor suite for less comfortable quarters *au troisième*. "What is the matter with everybody?" one feels tempted to ask, as the whole range of one's acquaintances repeat the familiar complaints of hard times, keeping down expenses, and dwindling income. But Echo only answers her memorial "What?"—it being, unfortunately, easier to note the fact than to ascertain its cause.

All incomes are derivable from one of two sources—the first being interest on invested capital, and the second and most universal daily gains from business or profession. Stagnation, decline, and loss of trade have no set-off in this quixotic country in the shape of Protection, which is the root of all our troubles, and, while the bread-winners languish under this fiscal evil, the moneyed classes suffer from depreciation of even gilt-edged securities, coupled with increased taxation. From this mournful analysis one rises to the conclusion that out of our present Slough of Despond we shall never arise until

unable to afford them. The question affects every class and nearly every article used by each, from the ribbons of Roubaix to the boots of Brother Jonathan, which we wear in thousands. A blind British generation truly this, and with so little logical arithmetic, moreover,



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BLACK CLOTH WITH VELVET AND BRAID.

Britain takes her Joseph seriously and lays his arguments and axioms absolutely to heart. Useless for my readers here to interpolate that furbelows and fascinating foreign importations have nothing in common. Have they not, indeed? One hopes the day may be averted when, through giving them free ingress so long, we shall find ourselves



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AN AFTERNOON-GOWN OF GREY VOILE.

that it cannot even stop to count the cost of advancing poverty, because, forsooth, the Radical carriage stops the way!

Turning from these provoking topics to matters of calmer moment, let me introduce to the notice of all mere mortals, protagonists and politicians alike, the pillow—not the pipe—of peace, which is nothing more or less than a new and efficacious method of wooing sleep by investing in the new and well-named "Peace Pillow." At a cost of six shillings for a small and twenty-one shillings for a large, this admirable novelty is procurable from the makers thereof at 17, Manchester Avenue, Aldersgate, and is warranted, moreover, to bring sleep to the most sleepless. As a substitute for the drugs and sleeping-draughts so many use, the "Peace Pillow" deserves all praise. It contains no drugs, but is impregnated with volatile wood-oils, which exhale a delicious fragrance and cause welcome drowsiness to steal over the senses. The "Peace Pillow" should speedily have a large and grateful public of its own.

The movements of Fashion are very various at the moment, so much so, indeed, that it might partake of rashness to prophesy the exclusive adoption of any particular style. Simultaneously with the tendency towards crinoline and stiffened petticoats, for example, recalling the quaint effects of early Victorian periods, our attention is diverted by *couturières* towards the possibilities of a Directoire revival. Many costumes with long, pointed coat-tails, short waistcoats, and wide-fronted lapels have, in fact, been launched on an expectant world within the past week or ten days. But, though long-basqued tailor coats will undoubtedly be with us for the winter, one doubts the complete acceptance of Directoire modes—they are so unfeignedly

difficult to accomplish well, while many modified versions of the 'sixties and 'fifties which are revisiting glimpses of our electric-light are undoubtedly not only tolerable but tempting when emanating from houses of the first sartorial flight.

Both styles will probably have their supporters, the severity of outline presented by the Directoire being as sympathetic and suitable to some as the efflorescence of the "Palmerston" period is to others. Already the long, curling ostrich-plumes, sweeping almost to the shoulder, depend from the wide brims of felt and beaver chapeaux; Paradise-tails adorn improved versions of the ungainly "turban"; shaded veils, shot silks, prismatic velvets, with the nuances of half-a-dozen tones running through their rainbow metres, are accomplished novelties; and dresses grow so increasingly full and voluminous that a last Season's gown is obviously unwearable for the very reason of its once-admired symmetrical outlines.

Appropriately with this season of packing up and moving about, one is reminded of an old favourite that has never lost favour in our sight or been elbowed out of place by newer arrivals, and that is the fragrant "Florida Water," as it has long been called, which is distilled from the flowers of that happy land, and exported by the original makers, Murray and Lanman. In travelling, "Florida Water" is worth its weight in diamonds; refreshing, delicious, invigorating, it disperses fatigue, nausea, and headache as if by magic, and should never be absent from the dressing-table or dressing-bag of any self-respecting woman.

SYBIL.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The London Symphony Orchestra, under the agency of Mr. L. G. Sharpe, have arranged their first series of Symphony Concerts which are to be given at the Queen's Hall. The first will take place on Oct. 27, the second on Nov. 17, the third on Dec. 15, the fourth on Jan. 26, the fifth on Feb. 16, and the last on March 8. For these concerts Dr. Cowen, Nikisch, Sir Charles Stanford, M. Colonne, and Sir Edward Elgar are to be the conductors, Mr. Arthur Payne taking the principal violin; from this last fact it will be gathered that the recently resigned members of the Queen's Hall Orchestra have a good deal to do with the matter, and they are joined by what are described as "other eminent instrumentalists." It will be noticed from this brief list that there is still one concert which has not been assigned a conductor, which is, as a matter of fact, the third of the series; this will be conducted either by Herr Schuch of Dresden or the well-known composer, M. Glazounow. All our goodwill goes with the new venture, for, indeed, we are inclined to think that there is room for two permanent orchestras in London, and we are sure that a healthy sense of rivalry will do a great deal towards improving each.

Max Bruch is a composer who very often comes close to the ranks of those whom we reckon to possess genius; but his work is singularly uneven, and he who at one moment seems inspired by the true feeling of music at another is able to write pages which have little more than pure academic interest. The idea of reproducing an alien national emotion into music is one with which we have little enough sympathy. When Sir Alexander Mackenzie writes of Scotland, one enjoys his work because it is part and parcel of a nature which is intensely devoted to the national music of Scotland; but when Max Bruch writes a Scottish Fantasia for Violin and Orchestra, one immediately perceives the touch of the stranger. Such a Fantasia was played recently at a Promenade Concert, the solo part being taken by Miss Elsie Playfair, who (may one say it?) played fairly well.

The disappearance of Princess Louise of Coburg adds yet another to the many Royal romances which have recently caused so much excitement on the Continent. At time of writing the mystery remains unsolved, all that is known for certain being that the Princess has escaped from the Lindendorf Institution. According to one account, she was accompanied by Lieutenant Mattasich and an elderly lady, and has since been seen at Constance and Lucerne. It is said that the Princess intends to place herself in communication with a number of medical experts, who will be invited to judge whether she is insane and if her long detention was justified. She purposes also writing an account of her sufferings. It is also asserted that the Lieutenant is not her lover, and in planning her escape was actuated simply by the deep respect in which he holds the Princess, and also by the desire to obtain her assistance in clearing his name from the stigma of forgery. Detectives and secret police are at their wits' end.

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LIONEL BROUGH'S THEATRICAL JUBILEE.

TO look at Mr. Lionel Brough as he is depicted in our picture—in the midst of trees and shrubbery—few would think that he is just about to celebrate his fiftieth year upon the stage. Yet his playing of the jester Trinculo in Mr. Beerbohm Tree's gorgeous revival of "The Tempest" will mark the beginning of Mr. Brough's Jubilee. It was about this time of year in 1854 that "Lal" (as he is mostly called) made his début on the stage at the famous Lyceum, which, like so many theatres of late, has verted to a variety form of cheap kind. For a brief space, Lionel Brough—as befitted the son of a bard and bookworm, front-named Barnabas, and the brother of the three famous literary Broughs, Robert, William, and John—took a spell of journalism, during which spell he assisted in bringing out the then small but now great journal the *Daily Telegraph*. He had, however, already had some literary experience as a youth on the mother-journal of *The Sketch*, namely, the *Illustrated London News*. But the histrionic spirit soon broke out afresh in the breast of young Lionel, and in 1858 he returned to the Lyceum to play in that splendid burlesque, "The Siege of Troy," by the versatile genius brother Robert, the father of Miss Fanny Brough. This time, however, he was condemned to appear as "Mr. Lionel Porter," because his elder brothers thought that there were already "too many Broughs for one bill." A few years later Lionel again reverted to the literary type, and this time joined the then popular *Morning Star*, with Charles Dickens and other renowned writers. Two or three years later he again felt himself drawn towards the stage, and just forty years ago he joined the late Alexander Henderson's Company at the old Prince of Wales's Theatre, Liverpool.

Among his fellow stock-actors there, playing, like himself, for very small salaries, were Henry Irving, Squire Bancroft, and Charles Wyndham, all since knighted. Mr. Brough made his first important London appearance, about thirty-five years ago, at the long-defunct Queen's Theatre, in Long Acre, where again he had Irving and Wyndham for fellow-players, plus the beloved and long-retired Mr. John L. Toole, the late Mr. John Clayton, and Miss Henrietta Hodson, who has for many years been Mrs. Henry Labouchere.

Brough's first striking "hit" at the Queen's was as the drunken old workhouse-man, Uncle Ben Garner, in Henry J. Byron's "Dearer than Life," expressly written for Mr. Toole. Uncle Ben had a powerful scene wherein, raging furiously, he smashed his clay pipe into smithereens and vowed that that pipe would come together again "by itself" before he would ever speak to any of his family.

On the first-night of this piece, the late John Oxenford (then dramatic critic of the *Times*) was so struck by this piece of acting that he remarked that he thought he knew all the Broughs, but he did not know this very old but evidently very brilliant member of the family, and he asked that Brough should be introduced to him. The critic went round and saw the actor while he was still in his "make-up," and presently learned to his amazement that the actor in question was the *youngest of all the Broughs*, whereupon he told him he was "a very clever boy." Next morning in the *Times* Oxenford gave an enthusiastic notice of the young histrion. "Then," says Brough, "my new salary, which I thought great, namely, a fiver a week, was quickly raised to a tenner."

THE BOATING DISASTER ON LOUGH NEAGH.

The incidents of the Lough Neagh tragedy were so fully reported at the time that it is necessary now to give only a brief *résumé* of a deplorable accident by which six members of a party of seven met with their death. On Tuesday afternoon, Aug. 23, Miss Winifred Green, Miss Dorothy Green, and Mr. Frank Green, the son and daughters of Mr. James Green, of Kinnego, Lurgan, accompanied by their cousins, Mr. John F. Green and Mr. Herbert J. Green, sons of Mr. Isaac Green, of Belfast, and two brothers named Catchpole, who were related to them and had come on a visit from Guernsey, left Kinnego Quay in a small sailing-boat for Coney Island. The journey was accomplished safely, but while returning the weather became rough and a sudden squall upset the boat. For a time the hapless seven clung to the boat, but, in turn, Mr. Frank Green, the brothers Catchpole, and the cousins from Belfast were, in spite of Miss Winifred Green's heroic efforts, swept away and drowned. The girls, Miss Winifred and Miss Dorothy, then tried to swim ashore, but, after half-an-hour's struggle, the younger one sank, her sister's frantic attempts to save her being of no avail. Miss Winifred, the sole survivor, swam for some time, then waded a considerable distance, and, reaching land, walked several miles, arriving at a farm-house about midnight only to collapse and lie unconscious for hours. The ill-fated Miss Dorothy was on holiday from her school in Wales, and only that morning had received news that she had passed the Oxford local examination with honours, her Headmaster adding that she was a credit to her school and to her country.

Mr. H. M. Alden has completed the thirty-fifth year of his editorship of *Harper's Magazine*. This does not measure the length of his connection with the house of Harper. For six years before Mr. Alden became the head of the magazine he was editor of *Harper's Weekly*. Through all the changes of public taste Mr. Alden has held on his way, but he has been much helped and influenced by new men.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Sept. 13.

SEPTEMBER HOPES.

THE month has undoubtedly begun with a better feeling in the Stock Markets. Why this is so it would be difficult to say precisely, but undoubtedly there has been during the last few days some bear-covering, and a little—a very little—investment-buying. The probable ease of the Money Market may have had a favourable influence, while the autumn is supposed to be the most likely time for business to broaden out. Perhaps the cheap price of many sound stocks and the favourable outlook of the labour question in South Africa have contributed somewhat to make the House more optimistic, or rather, we should say, less pessimistic. Whatever the cause, the fact is undoubted, and, were it not for the tendency to snatch very slender profits on the slightest provocation, we should feel inclined to expect a decided improvement.

THE DAIRA SANIEH CONVERSION.

Our readers who hold Daira Sanieh Bonds will do well to accept the proposals put forward by the Company if they desire to retain a solid 4 per cent. investment. If they want their money, they can, of course, get it on Oct. 15, 1905.

The Bonds were secured on the Daira Sanieh lands, which are now vested in the Company, and have been sold on a sort of hire-purchase system to numerous purchasers, who will in time acquire their holdings by a number of annual payments. The Company offers in exchange for the present Bonds 4 per cent. obligations secured upon the annuities payable by the purchasers to the extent of 150 per cent. of the total nominal value of the obligations issued; these new Bonds will be redeemable in 1930 at par, or at any time after 1912 at a premium of 5 per cent.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

On his way to the City The Stroller stopped to exchange greetings with a friend intimately connected with a powerful financial journal.

"Won't you come in for half a minute?" his friend asked. "I have some rather decent cigars and—"

"I'm always ready to oblige a chum," replied The Stroller, following his guide down the corridor that led to a certain sanctum.

He took a cigar from the box, critically weighed it in his hand, rolled it in his fingers close to his ear, and finally smelt it. His friend regarded him with an amused smile.

"Doesn't smell so bad," remarked the connoisseur. "Got a wooden match about you? Thanks. And a cutter, please. I left mine at home."

"I look to smoking for all my inspiration," laughed the journalist, rummaging among the pigeon-holes of his roll-top desk; "and even cigars sometimes fail to charm a subject in these dull days."

"I thought things were busy," observed The Stroller, watching his *vis-à-vis* through a blue veil of smoke. "My broker says things are looking up. I'm just on my way to see him."

"All I know," retorted the other, "is that I find it precious hard to find interesting things to write about."

"You fellows can always fall back on figures," The Stroller consoled him. "All you have to do is to take a group of shares—mines, or something. See?"

"I sit at your feet, O Gamaliel!"

"Look up what they stood at on the same day of the preceding year, throw in tables of highest and lowest for the past twenty years—"

"No dividends?" was the sarcastic inquiry.

"And write a couple of columns round and round those unhappy figures," pursued The Stroller. "Torture them, maim them, kill them by comparison, double them, deduct 50 per cent., and—"

"I know. Then you get your age next birthday," and the journalist threw back his head and laughed consumedly.

"But *aren't* they looking up?" persisted The Stroller.

"To some extent, business is better, I suppose," was the somewhat grudging answer. "But, nevertheless, I find the same old trouble about getting good stuff to write about."

The Stroller picked up a copy of the last week's issue of the paper. "Too statistical," he objected. "Might be better arranged, more brightly written, and shorter paragraphs."

The journalist seemed to thoroughly enjoy the criticism.

"Nothing else strike you?" he inquired.

"Oh, well, I'm only taking a cursory glance at it," The Stroller declared. "I dare say—What're you doing?"

"Making memos. of your suggestions. There might possibly be a germ of value in one of them if a man had the time to look long enough for it."

"No financial journalist can ever see a joke," was The Stroller's rejoinder. "I suppose it's because he is nearly always a Scotchman."

"Mr. Smith to see you," said the office-boy, suddenly appearing from nowhere in particular and knocking after he got in.

"By-bye, old man," said The Stroller. "I'll look in on my way back. Can't sample a brand of cigars with a single specimen, you know," as he sauntered off Citywards.

Passing down Old Broad Street, he was seriously disarranged by a diminutive youngster dashing across from the Stock Exchange side of the way to the other.

"Some o' them boys will be killed, sure as Rands are Rands," observed a policeman, who noticed the collision. "It's them Stock Exchange chaps what ought to be punished for lettin' them kids endanger their lives by a-runnin' across from the House to them telephone-boxes over there."

The Stroller thoroughly agreed with the arm of the law, and turned into Throgmorton Street as the Kaffir jobbers turned out of the Stock Exchange.

"Coronations?" exclaimed a dealer, scornfully. "Nice name, but—"

"Bit too mad a market for some of us, eh?" cried another man.

"Rather! Why, I'd prefer to deal in Tanganyika or Rhodesia Exploration."

"To say nothing of Lomas," added a third.

"All fairly hot stuff," put in a fourth speaker. "But I dare say they may put them better yet."

"Well, I'm a wee bit bullish myself. I'm prepared to keep my shares for six months if it's necessary."

"Necessary for what?"

"To see a 20 per cent. profit."

"But do you think we shall have to wait six months before the rise reaches that extent?"

"Shouldn't be surprised," said the wee bull, laconically, with which view his companions seemed ready to concur.

"I've laid in a few Glen Deepes for my clients," a broker observed; "but I told them all distinctly that maybe

Christmas would have to come before a ten-shilling profit."

"Casons are one of my favourites for a lock-up," a dealer answered him.

"And I'm told Geduld are bound to go better," one of the others said.

The Stroller made hasty notes on his cuff, which the other men observed, and he moved away as if he hadn't heard a word.

"That's one of those newspaper Johnnies, you may be absolutely certain," the broker told his friends. "Positive nuisance they are in this street. Worse than the 'always 'andy and useful' man who sells umbrella-rings."

"Corses great fun an' rores er larfter," quoted another of the group. "You always know what *that* means. I'm off, I think."

The Stroller was deeply interested in a confabulation he saw proceeding beneath the arch leading to Drapers' Gardens.

"Stick to four per cent. investments and refuse to be beguiled into speculation. That's the only safe plan nowadays," one of the two men was saying.

"But you say yourself that gilt-edged stuff won't pay more than 3½ per cent."

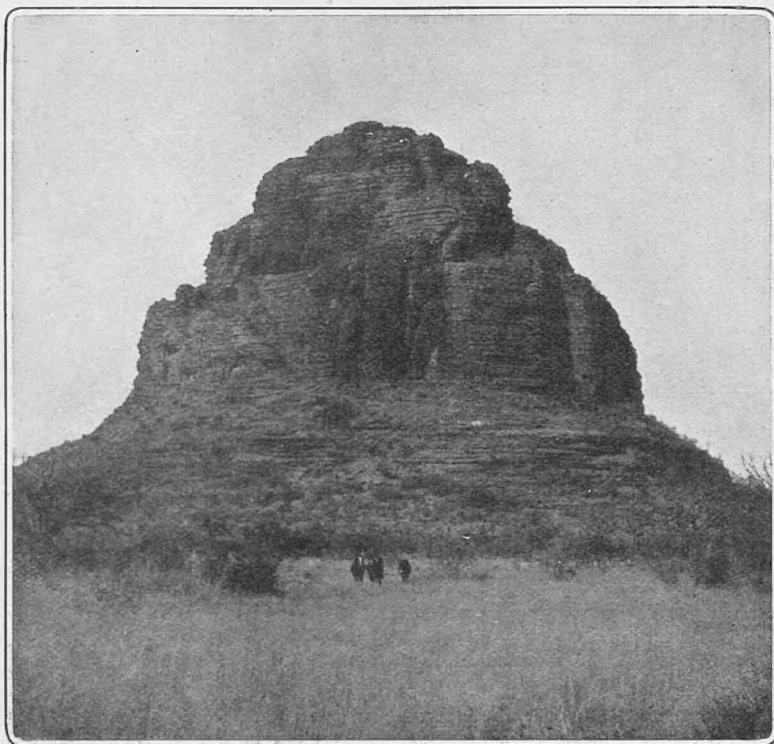
"Silver-edged is good enough for anybody who has more than a couple of hundred pounds. Canadian Pacific Preference yields within a shilling or so of four per cent., and what could you want better?"

"Something that's more likely to rise," replied the objector, conscientiously.

"Then why not Johannesburg 4 per cent. Municipal stock at about 94½ *ex-dividend*?"

"It's had such a rise."

"And is going to par. Sierra Leone 4 per cent. ten-year Bonds at 100 are equally fine."



MASIBI'S HILL, A KAFFIR STRONGHOLD ON THE EASTERN BOUNDARY OF THE TRANSVAAL.

"How about Railway stocks?"

"District 6 per cent. Debenture would pay you $3\frac{7}{8}$ per cent. on the money if you could buy it, but it rarely comes to market."

"What's the good of that, then?"

"Another good investment is Western Railway of Havana $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Debenture at about 105."

Again The Stroller was making swift notes upon his cuff. Then he made as though he would descend upon the American Market.

"Eries? Oh, going to fifty, I should say," he heard a voice say at his side.

"And not worth five," was the reply.

"I thought I knew those dulcet tones," said The Stroller, as he turned round and shook hands with his broker.

"Friends!" cried the latter, introducing him. "Let us go and see what they are doing in Shorter's Court."

The Stroller bought no Americans that night.

THE BOULDER DEEP SCANDAL.

All that we have from time to time said in these columns about the utter want of principle exhibited by the "bosses" of West Australian mining has been more than justified by the result of the inquiry instituted by the Government of Western Australia into this scandal.

Our readers will remember that the shares in the spring of this year stood at a few shillings each, and that in May there was a boom which raised the price to nearly 40s. The sensational developments alleged as justification for the rise were followed by very discouraging news, and the buyers found themselves landed with the shares. At the time, we referred to the matter on more than one occasion, and gave the stories current here to account for the strange discrepancy between the "four-ounce telegrams" and those which within a few days put the same ore down as worth a few pennyweights.

So great was the scandal that the Westralian Government ordered an inquiry, and the result has been little less than astonishing even to those behind the scenes.

It is clear that the samples reported on were "salted," that the manager was in constant communication with Mr. Gardiner, the Chairman of the Company, and was asked to report as suited this gentleman's book. It is also clear that Mr. Gardiner operated in the market on the early information supplied; that, in other words, he was playing with a marked pack of cards, as against his fellow shareholders, and even his co-directors. The samples, the assay returns of which caused the boom, have been destroyed, and who manipulated them remains at present a mystery.

There is ground for believing that if the inquiry could only be shifted to this side, and a certain well-known Member of Parliament be examined, other interesting facts might be brought to light. Is it

a fact that he lent money on a large block of shares, gave a call to certain members of the Stock Exchange, which, as a mere mortgagee, he had no right to do, and got caught at a cost of something between twenty-five and fifty thousand pounds?

If it were possible to have a Government inquiry on this side as a supplement to the one held in Western Australia, we might get some further interesting information. City men hate to make exhibitions of themselves in the Law Courts, or the matter might be taken there.

Saturday, Sept. 3, 1904.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 108, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ANGORA.—It is, no doubt, vexatious of the County Council to make the Theatre Company spend so much on alterations, but the Chairman's view of the matter appears to be the common-sense one. It is useless to appeal to the Press.

C. E. R.—We know no more about the "banket" reef in Rhodesia than we see in the daily papers. It is true we have never been enthusiastic about the country, but we shall require more evidence than we have got yet to make us confess we are wrong.

WIDOW.—We think the following would suit you as investments to produce a reasonable return: (1) Gas Light and Coke Ordinary; (2) C. A. Pearson Preference; (3) Industrial Trust Unified stock; (4) Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary stock; (5) Inter-oceanic of Mexico Prior Lien Bonds. If you average £300 in each you will be reasonably safe and receive a good return for your money.



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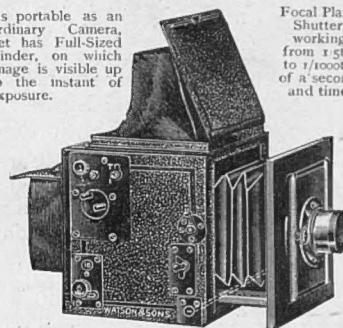
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